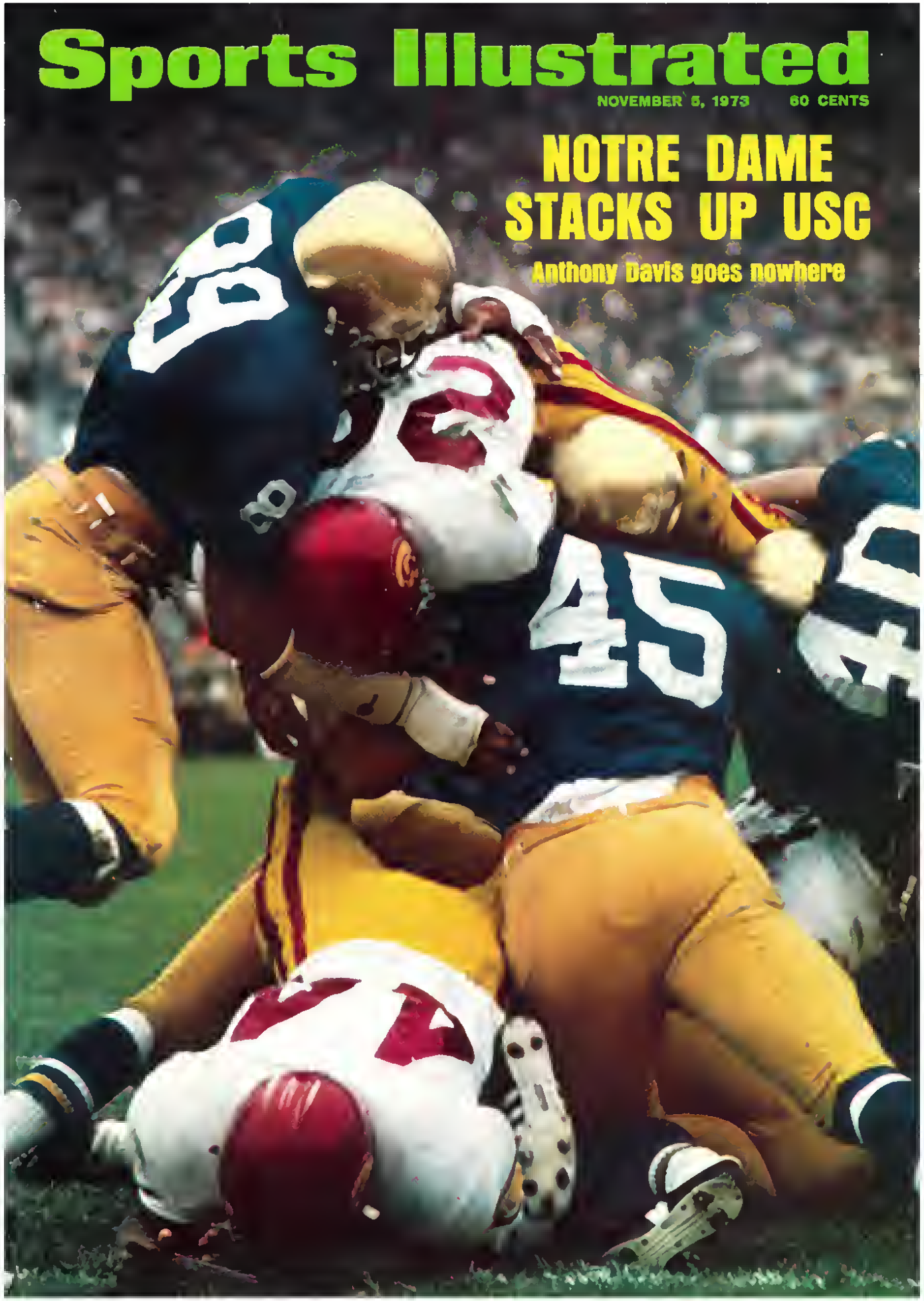
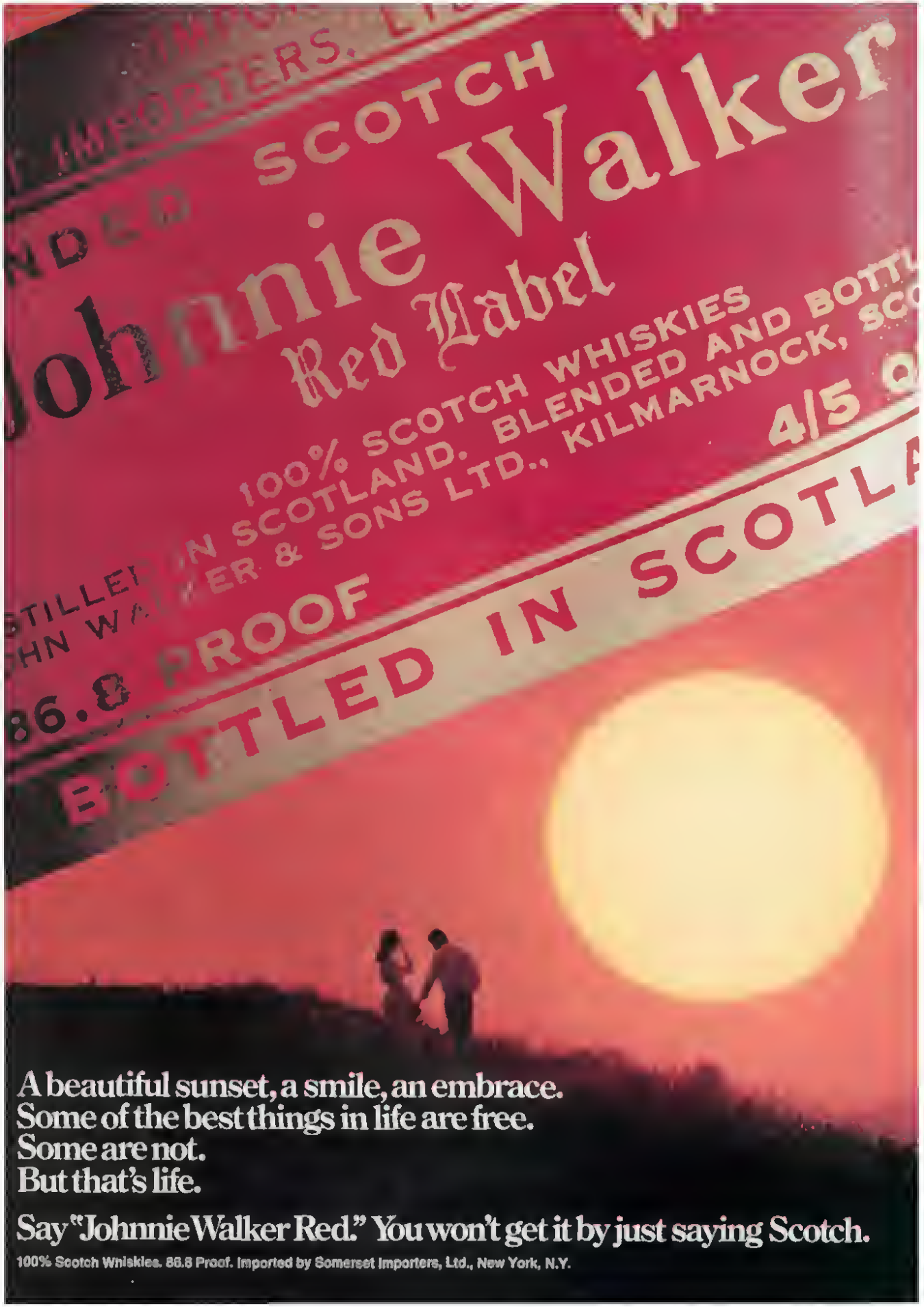
Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 5, 1973 60 CENTS

NOTRE DAME STACKS UP USC

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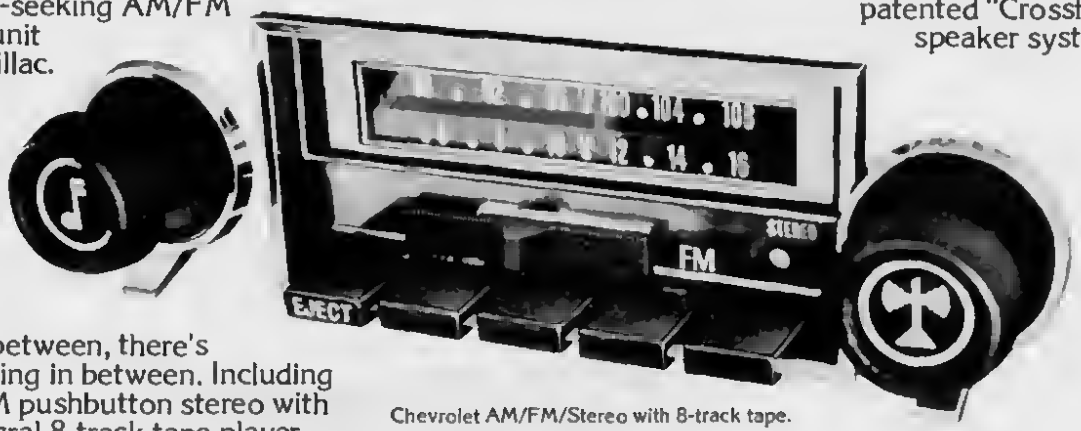
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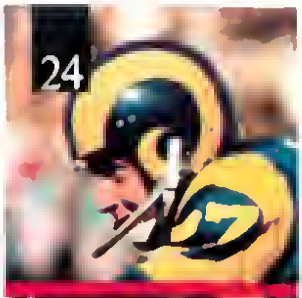
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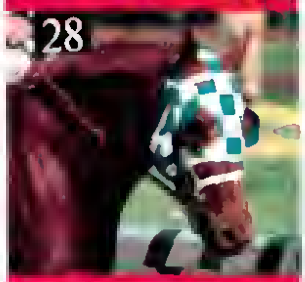
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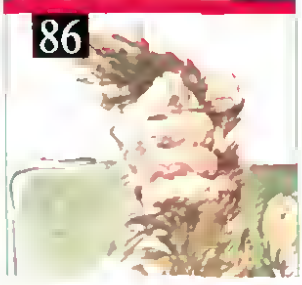












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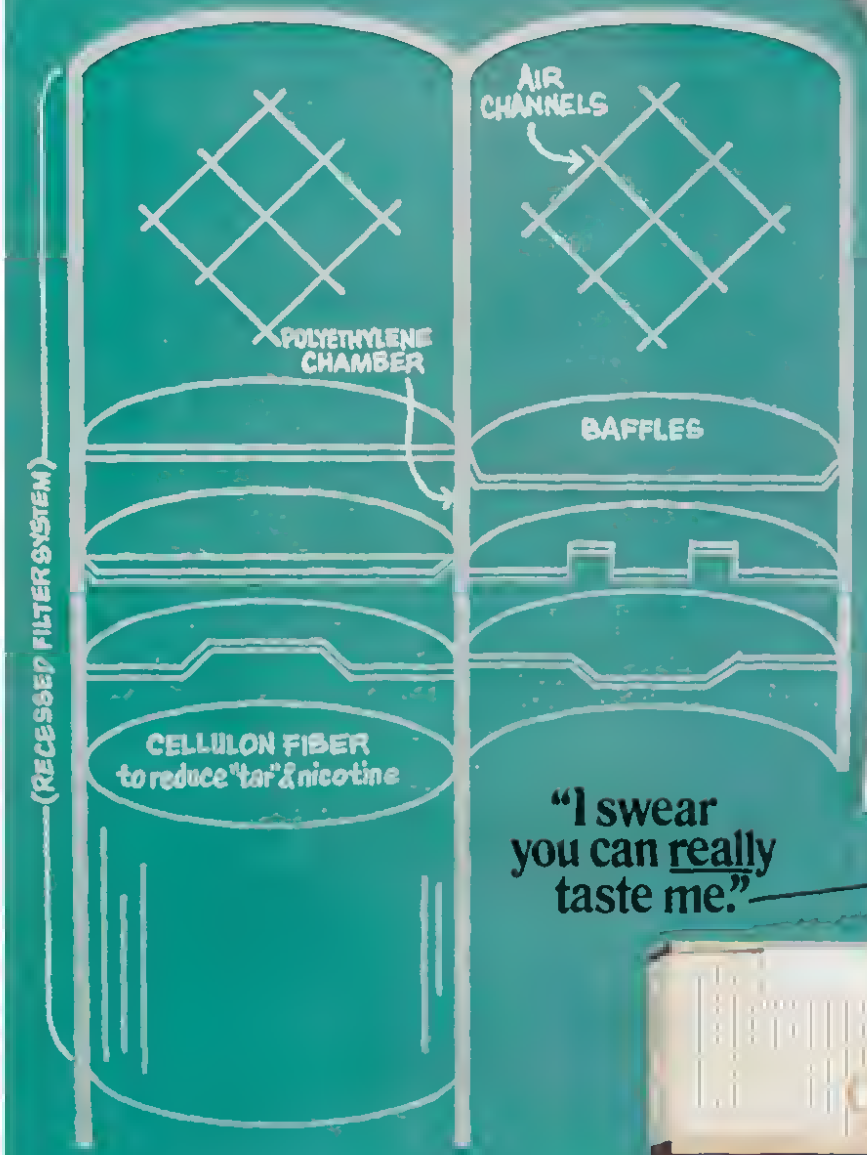
BROTHERS ALL are the Selmons of Oklahoma—Lucious, LeRoy and Dewey—members of a defensive line that has made the Sooners boomers on the college football scene.

EMBATTLED CHICAGO circles the wagons against the expansionists of hockey's NHL West. There is, writes Mark Mulvoy, a Reay of hope—unflappable Coach Billy Reay.

SAN QUENTIN, I hate the guts of you, sings Johnny Cash, but fishermen feel differently, for in San Francisco Bay not far from the cellblocks lie large stripers that no warden guards.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

On his days off, Art Director Richard Gangel likes to retreat into the rustic studio barn next to his home in Weston, Conn. and work on a new process of his own invention, one in which he coats sheets of anodized aluminum with the gaudiest of acrylic lacquers. We hope the technique sooner or later shows up in these pages. Not long ago Gangel developed a way to superimpose photos and drawings on aluminum-based silk screens. The process impressed Artist Edward Kasper, who adapted it when Gangel assigned him to illustrate an article on hydroplane racer Bill Muncey (SI, May 14).

By such innovative means does Gangel help preserve the place of art in sports journalism, a field otherwise dominated by photography, on TV as well as on the printed page. But those who think the second word in our magazine's name refers to photography alone might like to know that since the beginning of the year Gangel's department has made 197 separate art assignments, from the very small to the very large. The major exhibit in this issue is Thomas B. Allen's set of watercolor sketches that accompany Bob Jones' elk-hunt story beginning on page 86.

Gangel believes that the artist's vision complements rather than competes with the photographer's. "Art provides a counterpoint," he says, "a more personal side. It enables us to look at old friends in a fresh way, the old friends being baseball, football and the rest."

Besides coordinating the magazine's typography, illustration and layout into an esthetic whole, Gangel works with outside artists, occasionally enduring crises of the kind that ensued when he dispatched Pop Artist Jim Rosenquist to the Daytona 500. When Rosenquist's paintings failed to show up, Gangel learned that the artist had absentmindedly sent them to Manhattan's Whitney Museum, where the best of the Daytona canvases had promptly been put on display. But at least the job was completed on time, which is not always the case. Gangel recently received a packet of drawings from French satirist Jean-Jacques Sempe.

"I'd asked Sempe to do some funny



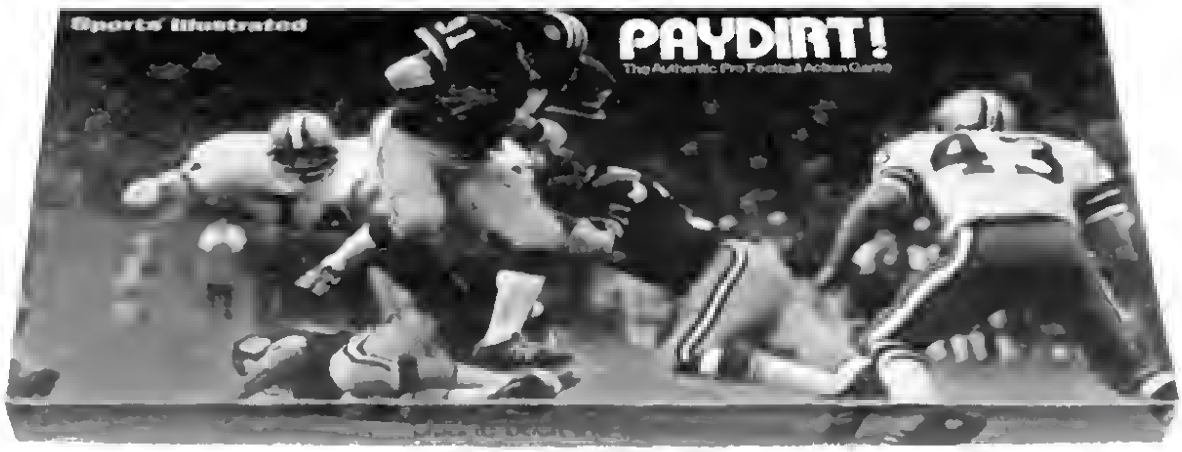
GANGEL BY ARTIST DAVID LEVINE

sketches on cross-country running about three years ago," he says. "Frankly I'd forgotten all about it. But it was worth the wait. The drawings are very good."

Gangel is better able to deal with such artistic temperament because he is a bit unorthodox himself. His quest for fresh insights once inspired him to ask English Cartoonist Ronald Searle, who had never seen a baseball game, to cover spring training. Less fruitful was his notion of sending art forger David Stein, whose counterfeit works had stung some leading U.S. collectors, to paint Florida racetrack scenes a la French Painter Raoul Dufy.

Gangel intended to credit the paintings forthrightly as being "By David Stein in the style of Raoul Dufy," but when word of the project got around, he began to hear protests from a number of art dealers, who feared that the exercise would glorify the man who had embarrassed so many of them. The paintings never ran, but for reasons scarcely calculated to please the art dealers. "Stein's work didn't look much like Dufy," Gangel says, adding pointedly, "I don't see how his forgeries could have fooled anybody."

Jack Meyers



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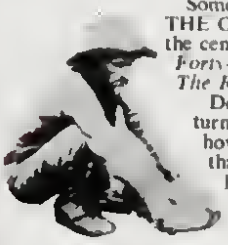
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AN EXPERT ANSWERS YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT MUSCLES

Our files show that thousands of readers like yourself want to build bulging muscles and achieve real physical power like their favorite athletic champions. How to go about it? We decided to ask an expert, Dave Prowse, 3-times British Weightlifting champion and leading fitness expert. Here are his answers.

Q. *What does it take to build muscles?*

A. Basically, it takes exercise. Almost any exercise will help to develop at least some of your muscles if you keep at it long enough and hard enough.

Q. *Isn't there an easier way?*

A. Yes. There is one outstandingly effective training method that is also fast and easy – the one I use and recommend – the new Bullworker system.

Q. *What's that?*

A. The Bullworker is a revolutionary new muscle-building exerciser based on Isometrics, the science that increases strength up to four times faster than conventional methods. In my opinion, it's the most advanced training system in the world today. Many leading athletes use it. World-famous Heavyweight Boxer Muhammad Ali, World Heavyweight Judo Champion Wim Ruska, and Cycling Champion Eddy Merckx, to name only a few.

Q. *How long does Bullworker training take?*

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Q. *How long does it take before you begin getting results?*

A. With the Bullworker, you can actually begin to see and measure the positive results right from the very first day! Thanks to a built-in measuring device called the Powermeter. After every exercise you just check the reading to see exactly how much your strength has increased from the day before. There's no guesswork involved. Isometric Bullworker training can increase your power at the amazing rate of up to 4% per week! That means a 50% increase in strength in the first three months alone. And I've known many young men who have gone on to double and even triple their strength.



Jack Barclay, Junior Mr. Europe shows the kind of results he achieved with Isometric Bullworker training

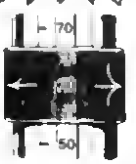


Dave Prowse, 3-time British Weightlifting champion, demonstrates a super-effective 7-second exercise for building powerful biceps... using the new Bullworker with built-in powermeter.

Q. *What do those figures mean in usual terms?*

A. They mean that in as little as 14 days you can actually begin to *see* muscle growth in a mirror and *verify* it with a tape measure. Every week thereafter brings ever faster growth.

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Q. *But to get such impressive results, don't you have to work very hard?*

A. Absolutely not. That's the outstanding advantage of isometric training.. it's so amazingly easy! Each "Static-power" Isometric exercise takes *only 7 seconds*, and you barely have to move. It's not even necessary to disrobe. The Bullworker is so light and compact, it can be used at home, in the office, anywhere... even while watching TV! It's a great improvement over bulky, expensive weights, bicycle machines, pulleys, etc.

Q. *Can Bullworker training even develop bodies which are weak and skinny, or fat and flabby?*

A. Definitely! It's been proven by thousands of men of every shape, size and age all over the world. Bullworker training helps transform weak, thin arms into rippling, muscular pillars of strength, build broad, powerful shoulders, turn flat, shallow chests into deep, manly ones, forge loose stomach flab into steel-hard, well-defined muscle... build that "V" shape of a real athlete, develop sturdy, contoured thighs and calves. .. And all this in *record time!*

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Q. *How can our readers find out more about the Bullworker, perhaps actually try it for themselves?*

A. I understand that the Bullworker distributor in the USA is now making it available – free – on a two week home-trial basis in order to introduce it to the general public. If your readers are interested in developing their bodies, in building muscles and strength faster than ever before possible, I suggest that they contact the US distributor for full details.

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BOOKTALK

Howard Cosell and Jim McKay—choose one—offer up the ABCs of TV sport

The ABC sports "team," as it chummily calls itself, has invaded the bookstores—with decidedly mixed results The new authors are Howard Cosell and Jim McKay, and the best way to summarize their literary labors is to say that the latter's book is an antidote to the former's

In the 390 interminable pages of *Cosell* (Playboy Press, $8.95), the Monday night mouth tells everything you never wanted to know about Howard Cosell and were sensible enough not to ask In the guise of autobiography, the book does little more than massage the author's elephantine ego Bluster and bathos are Cosell's stock-in-trade, and there is enough of both here to weary even his most ardent admirer He tells how he asks fearless questions, how he stands up for truth and justice, how he is a friend to those in need. He boasts about his pals in celebrityland the book is a classic of name-dropping—and he blubbers over sporting soh stories

Much of Cosell's notoriety rests on his penchant for sesquipedalian oratory Transferred to the printed page, its grammatical deficiencies become embarrassingly evident He may not quite be television's answer to Mrs Malaprop, but he gives the old girl a run for her money with clumsy usage of such pomposities as "probative" and "eventuate " His prose, like his television commentary, butchers the English language, a delicate instrument that deserves better

By comparison, Jim McKay is a model of clarity *My Wide World* (Macmillan, $6.95) offers a chatty, once-over-lightly look at the workings of *Wide World of Sports* and the ABC coverage of the 1972 Summer Olympics The book is in the form of a journal, with flashbacks to the author's early career and the primitive days of TV sports

McKay has had something of a reputation as a cheerleading sportscaster, but he shook that rap in Munich with his dignified reporting of the Arab attack on the Israeli team quarters He describes that sad occasion in full, and also provides a clue as to why he was able to cover it well "The reporter's job," he writes, "is to tell as clearly and accurately as he can the facts of the situation and, in the case of television, to explain the meaning of the visual image on the screen " That is, the reporter should be accurate, interpretive and reasonably unobtrusive Are you listening, Howard?

In both books a leading backstage figure is Roone Arledge, the by-now legendary president of ABC sports If he ever cared to, that gentleman could probably write the definitive book on TV and sports—and thereby call into question a lot of prejudices about reportorial standards and public taste.

—JONATHAN YARDLEY

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SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

THE FINLEY PERPLEX

What is one to think about Charlie Finley? Is he an ogre, an Ebenezer Scrooge? Or a hardheaded, practical man who, on the basis of results, must be doing something right? Finley insisted last weekend that his reason for not releasing his resigned manager, Dick Williams, from the two years remaining on his contract (so that Williams could sign with the Yankees) was not to cause trouble, or to revenge himself against erstwhile enemies in baseball, but merely to gain compensation for losing a valued employee.

"I don't mean money," Finley said, possibly thinking of the fines slapped on him by Commissioner Bowie Kuhn for his antics during the World Series. "I mean a player or players." Finley said he had received a phone call last Friday from Gabe Paul of the Yankees. "I told him," Finley said, "that if he wants to give us somebody like Mel Stottlemyre or Bobby Murcer or Thurman Munson, fine, I'll let Williams go. He didn't seem very interested." Finley said Paul hired Hank Peters away from the A's several years ago when Paul was with the Cleveland Indians (others say Peters quit the A's first), and that two years ago Paul hired Phil Seghi after Seghi left Oakland, both for front-office jobs. "I told Gabe it was about time he went out and built his own organization."

Finley said, "Look, I resent losing my manager. When someone steals my manager, it doesn't register too well with me. It's like someone stealing your wife. Sure, I can find another manager, but I want Dick Williams. If Dick elects to sit out the contract, that's his prerogative, but he'll have to sit out two years. I always told Dick that if he wants to make a change, that's fine with me. But what's right is right and wrong is wrong. You don't stop a man from resigning, but I smelled a mouse all along."

Meantime, in Hertford, N.C., Finley's star pitcher, Jim (Catfish) Hunter, had a few things to say. Hunter played hookey from the A's victory parade in Oakland after the Series. "I asked Mr. Finley about going on home," Hunter said, "and he said, 'Now, Jim, you know there's a $1,000 fine for missing the parade, and I'm throwing this big parade to promote baseball in the Bay Area.' But I told Mr. Finley I hadn't seen my wife and kids in six weeks, and I told him that if we hadn't promoted baseball by winning two straight World Series then we'd never do it. So far I haven't seen anything about the fine."

Hunter talked about Williams ("He left because Finley was putting the pressure on, doing little, irritating things"), about Mike Andrews ("That was the worst thing I've ever seen in baseball. Mr. Finley tried to railroad Andrews right out of a career, and there was no way we were going to stand by silently and let it happen"), and about Finley himself. "Really, he's good to the players," Hunter said. "He'll invest money and give them good returns. He's done this for me. But at other times he puts you in a corner. Like in the Series, we knew what was going on, but Mr. Finley acted as though we were children and didn't know what to do."

PAN-JAPAN

Japan, enjoying the enormous advantage of not having to support an army or a navy, is infiltrating the world economically. Latest evidence of Japanese expansion is the Ginjiyama Golf Club's purchase of the Montecito Country Club in Santa Barbara, Calif. You can read any significance you like into the fact that the principal owner of Montecito was the old Olympic bear and lover of Oriental art, Avery Brundage.

SMALL SUCCESS

In a period when thoroughbred and harness racing tracks are crying poverty and resorting to gimmicks from rock bands to superfectas to build up trade, quiet little Del Mar in Southern California is enjoying a boom. It has been helped considerably by the fact that Caliente, 30 miles south in Tijuana, Mexico, has been inoperative since a fire in 1970. But beyond that, simply by sticking to business as usual, which means one daily double and two exactas and that's it, Del Mar has had a 52% increase in attendance since 1969, its betting handle has gone up 64%, and the state's share of the take has risen 75%.

Del Mar thinks its success may be largely because it is a nice place to visit for a day's racing. It lies along the seashore above San Diego, and its architecture is California Spanish. Maybe the bettors like the idea of losing their shirts under old log-beam ceilings and tile roofs. In any case, the charm and atmosphere of Del Mar, built in the 1930s by a group headed by Bing Crosby and Pat O'Brien, is paying off handsomely.

LITTLE D

Ernie DiGregorio, the Providence College guard who signed a reported $1.5 million contract when he joined the National Basketball Association's Buffalo Braves, has picked up a new nickname. In college, he was known as Ernie D. In the pros, he is being called Ernie No D,



for No Defense. The 6-foot Ernie had enough trouble with lesser players, but the nickname was hung on the Buffalo rookie after he defended against Jerry West in a game the Braves lost to the Lakers 125–122. West, playing on an injured foot that required medical treatment the next day, scored 35 points in 32 minutes. "They had DiGregorio on me most of the night," said West in an unusually candid postgame interview, "and I was able

continued

to go pretty much wherever I wanted. I could get 12-foot jumpers, 10-foot jumpers, 4-foot jumpers. If I was in shape, I could have had a pretty big scoring night."

Then West said, "Ernie has to be more aggressive, use his hands more, grab and hold as we do in the NBA. I think ultimately he's going to be a great player for Buffalo on both offense and defense."

LANDSLIDE VICTOR

Football coaches place a lot of faith, or at least interest, in polls (We're No. 1, and so forth), and head Coach T. W. Alley of the University of Louisville was therefore a bit miffed earlier this season when his star senior defensive back, Lonnie Schuler, was beaten out for Defensive Player of the Week in the Missouri Valley Conference by an unknown from North Texas State named Walter Chapman.

"Who's Chapman?" Alley asked.

"A freshman. Defensive tackle. Five feet, 10 inches. Weighs 244."

"A freshman?" Alley said with some irritation. "What did he do?"

"Well, he had 22 tackles and knocked down a pass."

There was a moment of silence. Then Alley said, "Where can I go vote for him?"

CORPORATE BEAR

Paul (Bear) Bryant, Alabama's renowned football coach, was never one to confine his activities to the football field. If Bear is richer for that, so is Alabama and so is college football. Bryant recently donated $100,000 in stocks to the university, the annual yield from which will be used for scholarships for handicapped young people and children of former Alabama players. "And they don't have to be A students," said Bryant, who wasn't one himself, adding that he was "glad to be able to give something in return for all the university has given me."

Among the things the university has given Bryant is the opportunity to make commercial hay, that he is a coach who can afford to lay $100,000 on his alma mater is evidence that he is as shrewd in financial matters as he is in football. Bear has a partnership in a highly profitable meat-packing plant, an automobile distributorship (Bear Bryant Volkswagen), a clothing factory and, with Sonny Werblin, a New York hat company. He is on the board of directors of the meat-packing plant, the First National Bank of Tuscaloosa and the Cotton States Life Insurance Company, and he also has various holdings in securities and real estate.

Put all that with Bryant's football record and it adds up to an uncommon American success story. If you want to know more about it—right from the Bear's mouth—Bryant will be glad to tell you, for $25, plus postage. This latest venture is a 47-minute tape cassette, a first-person narrative as folksy as it is informative. It's called *Bear Bryant on Football*, but is really Bear Bryant on football, money, life and anything else that happens along. "It's about living football and making a living," Bryant says, and he expects coaches to besiege the Alabama athletic office for copies. The tape may not turn a listener into the best coach in the country, but it will certainly give some insight into one who has been. And maybe still is.

SLIPPERY DERBY

Everybody was scandalized a while back when it came out that the winner of the sacrosanct Soap Box Derby was driving a fixed car—in the gambling sense of fix, not the mechanical. The winning driver's car had been altered at the suggestion of an uncle, who last week was ordered by a judge to donate $2,000 to a Boulder, Colo. boys' club for his part in the affair.

This was shocking enough, but the district attorney's office in Boulder said that apparently six of the top 10 finishers in the race had doctored cars (the boys are supposed to build their own, staying within certain simple rules of construction), and that at least 34 boys had illegal vehicles. Assistant District Attorney Jack Kerner said such charges could not readily be proved, but all indications were that cheating was widespread, and that people built derby cars for competitors on a year-round basis.

"Soap Box Derby officials told us that they had been suspicious of entries from some cities," Kerner said, "because over the years cars from those cities tended to be more professional than those from other areas."

50 YEARS AGO

The Billie Jean King-Bobby Riggs affair is well past us, and the chauvinist male vs. liberated woman theme has been more than amply covered. However, even at this late date it seems a justified contribution to the literature on the subject to mention an article that appeared 90 years ago this month in the Jacksonville (Fla.) *Times-Union*, a reprint of a story that originally appeared in the *Amherst Student*. It was titled *Why a Girl Cannot Play Tennis*, and it said, in part, "The first difficulty is found in grasping the racket. This is due to the fact that in the female hand a layer of adipose tissue makes the palm too rounded to hold the racket firmly."

Such soft little hands. The article goes on, authoritatively, "The female arm differs from the male arm, also, in that the ulna of the female is much shorter proportionately than that of the male. On this account the female cannot hold the racket on a line with the arm. . . . When the ball is returned the action of the arm tends to knock it sidewise. This peculiarity is especially noticeable returning swift balls."

What else? "The articulation of the humerus with the ulna and radius is imperfect. . . . When, therefore, the racket hits a ball, it tends to knock it high up in the air. Some have said that this defect is the chief one in causing the female to be a poor tennis player. The smallness of her ribs, the thinness of the scapula, and the shortness of the clavicle unite to prevent her from reaching high balls."

The article concludes, "Were it not for these anatomical peculiarities of the female she would doubtless far surpass the male at tennis. She can run faster, see more quickly and is not easily confused. But the scientific fact remains that tennis is not a game for the human female."

Bobby Riggs *knew* all this. Why didn't Billie Jean King?

THEY SAID IT

- Casey Stengel, asked if he would like to manage again: "Well, I'll tell you, young fella, to be truthful and honest and perfectly frank about it, I'm 83 years old, which ain't bad. To be truthful and honest and frank about it, the thing I'd like to be right now is an astronaut."
- Jackie Stewart, racing driver, on his young son's reaction to Stewart's retirement from racing: "I asked him what I should do, and he said, 'Write books and drive our school bus.' "
- Lee Corso, Indiana football coach, asked if he had read Ohio State Coach Woody Hayes' book *You Win with People!*: "I haven't read the book, but I've seen the movies." **END**



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Sports Illustrated
NOVEMBER 5, 1973

IN IT JUST FOR KICKS

From all over the field, specialists who do nothing but kick are booming in field goals faster than ever. Fewer touchdowns are scored, and criticism grows: something should be done to correct the situation

by TEX MAULE



Somewhere, probably on a soccer field in middle Europe, a young man with an unpronounceable name, a strong right leg and a firm conviction that all footballs are round, is preparing to become the most valuable player in the 1984 Super Bowl. In time, he will be discovered by a National Football League scouting party as he kicks soccer balls into orbit. He will be brought back to the U.S. and given a smattering of English, an introduction to our football and basic instruction on how to put on his helmet without shearing off his ears.

Eventually, late on a mid-January Sunday, our hero will kick a 68-yard field goal with 10 seconds to play to win the Super Bowl and spend the rest of the year selling slathers of rugs to his hometown fans. The final score will be five field goals to four—and not a touchdown will be scored the entire afternoon.

The scenario is not that farfetched. Pro football is already becoming a duller sport as the cautious strategy of the field goal—made possible by side- continued

Mirro Roder, a Czech and also a bricklayer, boots for the Bears (left), and David Ray (top) rips them for L.A. George Blanda of the Raiders is among the best, even at 48.





Bruce Gossett pumps one in for the 49ers.

KICKS *continued*

winding soccer booters and highly specialized homegrown kickers—has assumed, for a variety of reasons, disproportionate importance in the scheme of the game. Last year, for instance, there were 114 fewer touchdowns scored in the pros than there were six years ago. But there were 141 *more* field goals. In 1967 there were an average of 1.97 field goals per game. Midway through this season that figure is just above three—an increase of more than 50%.

The era of the field goal began, as nearly as one can put a date to such things, in 1966 when the NFL's New York Giants pirated Pete Gogolak, a Hungarian-born soccer-style kicker and perhaps the best field-goal artist of the day, from the Buffalo Bills of the AFL. The larceny precipitated full-scale raids by both leagues and, eventually, peace between them. It also signaled, quite clearly, the importance of the siege-gun kicker.

Only twice prior to 1961 had a kicker made as many as 20 field goals in one season. But over the last 12 years the leading pro field-goal kicker has *always* had 20 or more. Last season Chester Marcol, the Polish kicking specialist for the Green Bay Packers, hit 33, only one shy of the league record.

So far this season the trend has continued. Through Sunday 276 field goals were kicked compared with 259 last year. Obviously, there are more talented field-goal kickers around now—they hit on 61% last year; 10 years ago it was only 49%. But they are only symptomatic of what is happening to the game. They are not the cause.

The villain, as much as any other single factor, is the zone defense. The zone was first used extensively in the old AFL during its last days, when the established NFL had a virtual monopoly on top defensive backs. Unable to cover receivers man-to-man with the personnel at their disposal, the AFL coaches developed a defense that enabled overmatched defenders to choke off a long-range passing attack. By the time the leagues merged in 1970 and the former AFL teams had acquired defensive stars of their own, the advantages of the zone were clear to everybody—and good defenders operated it even more efficiently than the mediocre ones.

Cutting off the long pass as a viable weapon forced most clubs back to the short pass and the run. Fewer successful bombs meant fewer quick touchdowns. As attacking teams neared the goal line, defenses could mass, so that finally, almost as often as not within the 35-yard line, coaches began to settle for an almost certain three points rather than gamble on trying to prolong a drive that might or might not produce six.

In the last quarter of any reasonably close game today, the hometown fans are concerned not with whether their team can get a touchdown, but with whether it can move into field-goal range. A prime example came in the Oakland-Denver Monday night TV game last week. The Raiders, in a 20–20 tie, mounted a cautious offense that carried to the Denver 42 and, with 36 seconds left, elderly George Blanda kicked a 49-yard field goal. Denver responded with a rapid but equally cautious short-range offense designed not to win the game but to get its own field-goal kicker in range. The last two plays in this drive were runs intended simply to position the ball directly in front of the goalpost. Jim Turner's toe gave Denver its tie—a satisfying result for the home crowd, certainly. But at four other points earlier in the same game, drives that might have resulted in touchdowns were also settled out of court, as it were, for field goals. As three-pointers go, the final two were fairly exciting. But not one of the six field goals in the game could compare to an old-fashioned, go-for-broke try for a touchdown. Field goals cost too little and pay too much.

The fact that both Oakland and Denver had kickers capable of scoring from near midfield points up another reason why field goals have proliferated. In the old days, when clubs could carry only 33 players, the field-goal kicker kicked as a sideline. His principal job was to play another position. Lou Groza, who led the NFL in field goals for years, was a starting offensive tackle for the Cleveland Browns. Bob Waterfield, who kicked field goals for the Rams when they won the championship in 1951, was their All-Pro quarterback.

Now, with 47-man rosters, teams can afford the luxury of specialists, including players who do nothing but kick. And of these kickers, the only one who puts foot to ball except for field goals, PATs or kickoffs is Don Cockroft of Cleveland, who also punts for the Browns. But once they have kicked off, most specialists are considered liabilities, since few are capable of making an open-field tackle.

Marcol, the Green Bay kicker, played high school and college football after he came to the U.S. from Poland, but even he admits to his deficiencies. "I made a few tackles in college," he says. "If I have to do it, it's something I have to do. But I don't take tackling practice. I've never had to tackle anybody as a pro."

Mirro Roder, a Czech who specializes in *long* field goals for the Chicago Bears (Mac Percival, a *short* field-goal specialist, is also on the squad), recently broke a finger on his left hand trying to make a tackle. A cheerful rookie who is also a qualified bricklayer, Roder was asked to compare the two professions: "Laying brick, it relax," he said. "Lot of funny guys lay bricks. Much smile." This was after he had his finger broken.

With smaller squads, no club could afford a Marcol or a Roder or, for that matter, a Garo Yepremian. Yepremian is the balding Miami tie salesman and field-goal kicker who was born in Cyprus, played soccer in England and, at 5′8″ and 175 pounds, looks like a refugee from the Pop Warner League when he trots onto the field. But he won the longest game ever played when he beat Kansas City with a 37-yard field goal after 22 minutes and 40 seconds of overtime in an AFC playoff in 1971. He is better known for his pass attempt after a bungled field goal in the Super Bowl last year. The feeble throw was intercepted and returned

49 yards for Washington's only score.

Not all kickers are so helpless. Roy Gerela, the Canadian-born kicker for the Steelers, was a fourth-round draft choice as a back from New Mexico State. Although he is small (5′ 10″, 185 pounds), he has made tackles on kickoffs and on blocked field-goal attempts. "We have 11 football players out there when the kicking team is on the field," says Coach Chuck Noll.

If larger squads and the zone defense created more opportunities for the specialist kickers, a rule change last year also made their job easier. The idea behind moving the hash marks closer to the center of the field was to put more of a burden on the zone defenses. But it gave the kickers a cleaner target. There are no more sharp angles; even from the shorter ranges the kicks are almost straight on.

A number of suggestions have been put forward about how to deal with the field-goal problem. The Chicago Bears experimented with a direct solution in a preseason game against Green Bay. Abe Gibron, the hardbitten Bear coach, assigned a hatchet man to assault Marcol after he had kicked off. The New York Jets later went Gibron two better and assigned three men to knock Marcol down.

Marcol did not complain about the Bear incident, but when the press did Gibron growled, "What is Marcol, anyway, a Polish prince? When you're on the football field, you gotta expect to get hit."

Miami's Garo Yepremian gained fame passing.



But the offending team's own kicker is vulnerable, too, and foot-for-a-foot retaliation coud lead to an appalling casualty rate in small, foreign field-goal kickers. The homebreds, most of them, are big enough and have enough football savvy to take care of themselves. Tom Dempsey, the 6′ 1″, 255-pound kicker for the Philadelphia Eagles, was born with half a right foot and a stub of a right hand, which did not prevent him from playing defensive end in college. He holds the league record of 63 yards for a field goal, set against Detroit when he was with the New Orleans Saints. That happened when a new coach sent Dempsey in to kick, thinking the Saints were on the *Detroit* 40-yard line.

Dempsey is not intimidated by any hatchet-man plan. "They blindside me," he said, "and I'll hit them with this stump. I can kill a man with this."

Norm Van Brocklin, the acerb coach of the Atlanta Falcons, suggests a more sophisticated method of dealing with field goals and foreign kickers. "Tighten up the immigration laws," he says, ignoring the fact that the Falcons' placekicker is an Italian-born Hungarian named Nick Mike-Mayer.

More serious proposals would either diminish the value of the field goal or make it more difficult to kick. Points for a field goal might be tied to its length: inside the 20, two points; from the 20 to the 40, three points; and from beyond the 40, four points. That would certainly reward the strong-legged kicker, but it would penalize the better team, which would clearly pay a price for maintaining a drive from, say, the 45 to the 15 before being forced to try a field goal. And one can imagine a quarterback, faced with third and long at the opponent's 39-yard line, deliberately losing two yards so as to put his kicker just outside the 40 for a four-point goal.

Moving the goalposts to the back of the end zone would make field goals 10 yards more difficult, but it still would not negate the advantage a team with a long-range kicker enjoys. There would be cheap 45-yard field goals instead of cheapies from 55 yards out.

The simplest way to cut down on field goals, especially the long shots, would be to force the kicking team to take a risk commensurate with the reward. A missed try inside the 20-yard line would, as now, result in the opposing team's gaining possession on the 20. But on a miss outside the 20 the ball would be returned to the line of scrimmage. This rule would result in more punts, since few coaches would take a chance on giving an opponent the ball around midfield in a close game after a missed field goal. The other team would then be in a position to drive to within *short* field-goal range.



Eagle Tom Dempsey holds 63-yard record.

Some argue that a punt is no more exciting than a field goal, but that need not be true. If, as a supplement to the new field-goal rule, the Canadian football rule outlawing the fair catch were also adopted, the punt would have to be fielded and returned. And punt returns were once among the most exciting plays in the game.

It does not seem likely that any such drastic measures will be taken in the near future. Dempsey analyzed the situation accurately.

"Funny thing," he said. "The owners who don't have a long-ball kicker want the rules changed against kicking the long ball. And the owners who *have* long-ball kickers want long kicks to be worth more. I say change the defenses, don't blame the kickers."

He may have three points there. END

ADIEU, ADIEU, KIND FRIENDS...

In the gloom and mist at Toronto, in the crisp sunlight of Aqueduct, Meadow Stable's two big horses bid farewell to racing. Only Secretariat won, but a multitude of fans will remember both with fondness

by FRANK DEFORD



Hard by the hedge, snorting steam in the raw twilight like some mythical beast running across a faded storybook, he drove alone through the mist and almost, it seemed, out of the low lake clouds, and won at his leisure, from here to there. "Thank you," said the jockey. "Hello, you beautiful thing," said the owner. And now goodby, Secretariat.

So quickly it was over. This magnificent horse's career, compressed, by probate pressures—as sure indeed as death and taxes—into a few short months of majesty, was finished. Secretariat had won the Canadian International Championship in Toronto by 6½ lengths, and, like his stablemate Riva Ridge the day before, had then been retired to stud at Claiborne Farm. It was only 16 months since he had first run a race, for that matter, barely 3½ years since he was foaled.

Whatever Secretariat leaves now in bloodlines will be only a small part of his legacy. He was not allowed the time to change racing, but some changes will follow, flowing directly from his influence. Secretariat alone was responsible for the Marlboro Cup, the first grossly commercial incursion into U.S. racing. With the largest racing television audience ratings for his Derby and his Belmont, he brought more races to the TV screen. That Secretariat also needed an agent to merchandise his spangled product line, that thousands of kids brought box breakfasts and Kodaks to watch him work out mornings: that he made the covers of the national newsweeklies, that perhaps $100,000 worth of sentimental uncashed tickets remain out on him; that his pictures are hawked as presidential portraits once were—all this certainly suggests that he touched something out there beyond the usual exacta lines.

"I think he absolutely revitalized racing," says Jimmy Kilroe, the California racing secretary. "We must believe in something."

"He was a power that transcended racing," says Jack Krumpe, president of the New York Racing Association. "You didn't have to know a thing about racing to appreciate this great mass of power, this beauty."

Breezing home, Secretariat ends his spectacular career with an easy win at Woodbine.

Secretariat's triumph was primarily personal, but his valedictory at Woodbine was diminished all the same in that his regular rider, "the all-Canadian kid," Ron Turcotte, was suspended and ineligible. While it may not quite have been, as a Toronto columnist wrote, a case of destroying "the greatest homecoming act since the swallows came back to Capistrano," it was wrenching for Turcotte and unfair to all. It broke up that familiar set of four—the horse, Rider Ron, Trainer Lucien Laurin, Owner Penny Tweedy—and the reliable post-victory TV chorus: "Congratulations again, Mrs. Tweedy/Thank you, Jack/And way to go, Lucien/Thank you, Jack/When did you know you had it won, Ron?"

So closely had the four been associated that when someone asked Laurin the day before the race, "When does Eddie get in?" the trainer's lumpy leprechaun face screwed up in abject confusion. "Eddie? Eddie who?" he asked. Eddie was Eddie Maple, the substitute jock for Secretariat.

This change in riders was the only drama. Much was made of the similarities between Secretariat's and Man o' War's departure from racing: both 3-year-olds nicknamed Big Red, both running their 21st and last race—and in Ontario—and both completing the greatest money-winning year in history to that time. But Man o' War was in a classic match race against the noble Sir Barton, while Secretariat—in at 117 pounds, his lightest weight since he was a maiden—had only to deal with an undistinguished field of hangers-on.

After three weeks of golden autumn sunshine, Sunday came up drizzly, dour, windy and mean. Awake at 3 a.m. and chipper, acknowledging a steady stream of admirers ("Admittance By Attendance Only" the sign on Barn No. 8 said), Secretariat alone remained unperturbed that it had rained on his last parade. He accepted, with bemusement it seemed, the cheers—or often just the approving murmurs of a country more knowing in the ways of nobility than of thoroughbreds. At last on the turf, he broke easily on the outside, moved up to Kennedy Road's flank, never took a bad step, accepted one little love tap from Maple, went by Kennedy Road at the 3/8ths pole and led by 12 lengths at the top of the stretch. Without any challenge, his time in the rain was only four-fifths of a second off the track record.

The day before, in the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup in New York, Riva Ridge had better weather but a bitter parting. It might have figured. Riva was somehow always slighted. He won the Derby, won the Belmont, won a million dollars and was syndicated for $5 million at stud, but invariably he was cast as a second banana. Were it not for ole Jupiter Pluvius and a State Fair speedball named Bee Bee Bee, he would have taken the Triple Crown in '72, and his would have been the gloried name on all the lips and all the sweat shirts. Mrs. Tweedy calls him "friendlier" than Secretariat, and Turcotte places him "closest to my heart." Yet it was Secretariat that Turcotte chose to ride the only time the stablemates met, and together Turcotte and Secretariat soundly whipped Riva.

Secretariat was the It horse, the Wow horse, the people's horse. Riva Ridge was the horse's horse—playing Gehrig to Secretariat's Ruth, Johnston to his Tilden, Mikita to his Hull. Even his final race Saturday was on national television only because CBS had gambled Secretariat might be in it. As it was, Riva went head to head in a 1:37⅘ first mile with Prove Out, the Allen Jerkens surprise that upset Secretariat in the Woodward, then fell back. Prove Out went on to win in hand by 4¾ lengths, while Riva collapsed to a sad dead last.

Now both Meadow champions return to Claiborne, where Secretariat was conceived and Riva foaled that magic spring of '69. Since so much is at stake, both will be quickly put to trial. First, they will be bred to test mares. Most new young stallions have little knowledge of what is supposed to be natural. Next, their semen will be examined. Eventually they will be required to service "a full book" of 40 mares in the rush-rush season that runs from February to June. For this first year, however, they probably will see no more than 28 mares.

Besides mating, studs do little but eat and sleep, so it is almost impossible to bring these fat and happy rascals back into training if they do not cut the mustard in the breeding shed. Up to 5% of would-be stallions are either sterile or noneffective—and it can happen in the very best of families. Assault, the 1946 Triple Crown winner, had no seed; Riva Ridge had a half-brother, Hydrologist, who disappointed a lot of mares before his owners gave up.

The odds, though, are about five cents on the dollar ($2.10, out, out) that Mrs. Tweedy's two champions can produce, and that they departed the madding crowds for good this weekend. The last flowers they put on Secretariat were carnations, white and red, and then they took them off and he left. So the best thing racing had seen in years—some would say ever—was gone, gone in his prime, gone in his glory, gone away to his tea and scandal in the Blue Grass, while the exactas and doubles stay behind to entertain the old men with their *Racing Forms*. How strange is this enterprise that takes away the hearts and leaves the numbers.

The groom, Eddie Sweat, had him by the bridle as they walked round the clubhouse turn back to the race barn, back for the last time. He kept patting him on the withers. It was very nearly dark by now, and one could only wave after Secretariat, remember him, marvel at him, and cry out (after Shelley): *Why didst thou leave the trodden paths . . . too soon?* **END**

A badly beaten sixth, Riva Ridge trails Prove Out by some 33 lengths at two miles in New York.



'TWAS A GREAT DAY FOR THE IRISH

Not in a holiday mood, Notre Dame successfully barricaded Anthony Davis of USC and paraded to sweet-revenge victory **by PAT PUTNAM**

All week people had been telling Ara Parseghian how to beat USC. No problem. Every time they snap the ball, just have 11 guys jump on Anthony Davis (*see cover*). Belt him with The Gipper. Run him down with the Four Horsemen. Drop the Golden Dome on him. Trip him getting off the bus. Get the son-ofaahggaggh! Do *something!*

Last season Davis shattered the Irish with six touchdown runs—on national television yet. In South Bend he is about as popular as the Rev. Ian Paisley. For days before the game they taped his picture on campus sidewalks. So they could walk on him. They hanged him in effigy. Sign painters denounced him. Fortunately for Davis, none of the students were versed in voodoo.

On the morning before Notre Dame dispatched USC without having to drop the Dome on anyone, Parseghian closeted himself in his office and said he wished that stopping Anthony Davis was all there was to beating the Trojans, something the Irish had not managed to do since 1966.

"There isn't any way we are going to key on Davis," he said. "In the first place, if we did they'd kill us with the passing game. And they have it. USC has a lot of weapons, and Davis is just one of them. Last year"—Parseghian shook his head and paused for a moment—"last year he scored six times but he only gained 99 yards rushing. No team had run back a kickoff for a touchdown against Notre Dame since I've been here. And he did it twice. *Twice!* That's what killed us."

A short distance away in Elkhart, in the cocktail lounge of a hotel sandwiched between two theaters featuring horror films, John McKay, the USC coach, was saying that he was more worried about the noise volume at Notre Dame Stadium than in trying to guess what Notre Dame would try to do with Davis.

"It's an awesome experience to play there," said Lynn Swann, USC's superb senior flanker and a terror on punt returns. "The fans are almost in your lap. They yell so loud you can't hear. When I'm out as a flanker and the quarterback calls an audible, I try to read his lips. If I can't, I check field position and try to guess. If it's a run and I figure a pass, then I'm in trouble. I just have to take my chances."

"If we can't hear the count," said McKay, "we'll just walk away. We have the right to be heard. We're not going to try and outshout 59,000 people."

McKay's blue Irish eyes twinkled and he grinned. He was thinking of the story circulating in South Bend how, after losing to the Irish 51–0 in 1966, he supposedly vowed he'd never again lose to Notre Dame. "I never did," he said mildly. "I'm stupid, but I'm not that stupid. That would be ridiculous. But talking about noise at that stadium, just think what I'll hear when I walk off the field if we lose Saturday. Still, I love it. It's all part of the game."

When it was over on Saturday, and unbeaten Notre Dame had won 23–14 by matching USC touchdown for touchdown and adding three field goals, McKay got the verbal abuse he had predicted, and he left the field humming the Irish *Victory March.* "There was nothing else to hum," he said. For the defending national champions it was their first loss in 24 games.

The strategy Parseghian finally designed for Davis was simple but effective. On kickoffs, he was sent chasing long and low squibs to his left or to his right, and by the time he could turn upfield the Irish had effectively shut off all routes of escape. He returned three for 80 yards but none past the USC 35. "I'm glad they put him back there alone without Swann or those squibs would have cost us a lot of field position," said Parseghian.

And on plays from scrimmage, Notre Dame defensed him the way they do any other fine running back, with equal respect for an air assault. Parseghian had decided Davis could gain 100 yards and not seriously hurt them. He gained but 55 on 19 carries, the longest for nine. "He's a great running back," said McKay. "His only problem is that everyone expects him to duplicate the impossible."

Notre Dame's defense expected no such thing. To a man they felt they had made Davis a star and they resented it. "He may end up on his knees," vowed Greg Collins, a 220-pound junior linebacker, referring to Davis' habit of sliding into end zones, "but he won't be doing it in the Notre Dame end zone. Last year he got six touchdowns. This year he'll be lucky to get six inches."

On his first carry, Davis managed two yards before being driven to the ground by Collins. Up rushed Tim Rudnick from his defensive back position to scream, "This isn't the Coliseum. Welcome to South Bend."



Rudnick had a private rage. Since last year's loss to USC, he had been personally blamed for all of Davis' scores. "And I wasn't even covering him," Rudnick fumed. "I'd be covering some receiver like J. K. McKay, hear a noise, turn around and there he'd be sliding past me on his knees. On all the All-America films, there he was and there I was with my mouth open."

Parseghian had hinted that he might throw away the book for USC. His record at Notre Dame was 79-15-4, but they claimed he never won a big one. "I guess they are only big if we lose," he said with a grin. Too, it has been mentioned that he never gambled if it might mean defeat. You do not win 79 games without an occasional gamble. Nevertheless.

Notre Dame burned the book on the first series. With a fourth and two at the USC 36, Parseghian sent in orders to go for it, but a delay of game penalty canceled the gamble. Still, it was an indication the Irish meant business.

In the first half USC's punting was a disaster. The first, partially blocked by Rudnick, went 15 yards and out of bounds at the Trojan 28. Notre Dame turned it into a 32-yard field goal by sidewinder Bob Thomas. His first of three. USC responded with the aid of an Irish personal foul and a varied attack to move 65 yards into a 7-3 lead. Davis got the last yard on a sweep. But Thomas' second field goal cut that to 7-6.

With little more than five minutes remaining in the second period Notre Dame marched again, starting from USC's 47. Clements handed off mostly to Russ Kornman and twice completed passes to Pete Demmerle as the Irish arrived at the Trojan goal line with a fourth down and 30 seconds left in the half. Clements took the ball in himself to put Notre Dame into the lead.

"Go for two," shouted Parseghian, who had used up all his time-outs. With the bedlam on the sideline, no one heard him and when Thomas kicked the extra point to make it 13-7, Parseghian covered his eyes.

The start of Notre Dame's biggest play: Penick heads upfield on his 85-yard touchdown run



At halftime, Parseghian elected to go with two tight ends, so bolstered, to run the powerful Notre Dame sweep at USC's weak side. The Trojans, who had hoped to win with the big play, were killed by it. Eric Penick, who finished with 118 yards, which was 50 more than USC managed, swept left from the 15 on Notre Dame's first offensive play of the second half, stepped over the wreckage left by Guards Gerry DiNardo and Frank Pomarico and Fullback Wayne Bullock and took off. At the 35, USC's Danny Reece grabbed Penick around the hips but he slipped away, and after that no one got close.

But USC was hardly through. The Trojans snapped right back to 20-14 on four Pat Haden-to-Swann passes, the flankerback making a dandy catch of the last one, a 27-yarder, at the edge of the end zone. And soon after, when the Trojan defense forced Notre Dame to punt, it seemed the game had turned around. But on the punt USC was offside and the five-yard penalty gave the Irish a first down. Big play.

Minutes later it was fourth and one at the USC 38. With the snap the ball popped out of Clements' hands but it was grabbed on the run by Kornman, who gained five yards for another first down. Again, big play.

Although the drive stalled, Thomas kicked his third field goal to give the Irish a solid nine-point lead, 23-14. From there on the Trojans contributed some big plays of their own—negative big plays—like a Davis fumble in scoring position and a J. K. McKay fumble after a completed pass. And so it was still 23-14 at the end and Ara Parseghian had indeed won a very big game.

Afterward everyone wanted to know what kind of a move Penick had put on Danny Reece at the 35.

"On who?" he said. "I didn't know anybody had me. I didn't feel a thing. In fact, I can't remember anything except being loose and running it out. It's all by instinct."

Someone suggested that perhaps Penick should have completed his 85-yard trip by sliding on his knees in the USC end zone.

The 213-pound junior recoiled at the thought. "On my knees?" he said in disgust. "I'm no hot dog. This is Notre Dame." **END**



HAWG HUNT FOR THE BASS MASTERS

The mystery lake Classic brought 26 pro fishermen to South Carolina to cast for largemouth bass—and a $15,000 purse **by ROBERT H. BOYLE**

The DC-8 took off from the New Orleans airport shortly after 11 o'clock Monday morning, and only one of the passengers knew where the plane was going. That passenger was Ray Scott, president of BASS, the Bass Anglers Sportsman Society, who was taking the 26 top pro fishermen in the U.S. and their wives and 40 outdoors writers to a mystery lake somewhere in the world. Upon arrival at the lake, the 26 fishermen were to get one practice day before three days of competition to see who could catch the most pounds of bass for the winner-take-all cash prize of $15,000 in the Miller High Life BASS Masters Classic.

Earlier Scott, with his love for drama, had said that he would announce the name of the mystery lake when the jet reached an altitude of 10,000 feet. But he remained silent as the plane ascended higher and higher until it reached its cruising altitude of 33,000 feet. Excitedly, fishermen and sportswriters peered out the windows at the landscape below in an effort to figure out at least which way the plane was bound. As Mobile Bay appeared below, northern Florida became the subject of speculation, and there was one wild guess at Puerto Rico. Fishermen never know with Scott. When the mystery lake event first started two years ago, Scott flew the contestants from Atlanta to Lake Mead outside Las Vegas, and last year, just as the NO SMOKING light flicked off upon the departure from Memphis, Scott announced the mystery lake was J. Percy Priest Reservoir near Nashville, and with that the NO SMOKING sign lit up and the plane came down to land.

Last week, however, Scott was not at all in character, and he continued to stay mum as the chartered Delta jet, booked



Hottest plug of the year is this genuine balsa-wood Big-O, hand-carved down in Tennessee.

The contest started in early morning with a herd of 85-horse motors roaring into the mist.

in the name of the Golden Age Garden Club, turned away from the Gulf Coast and headed in a northeast direction. Haze and clouds obscured the ground for the next hour of flight, but then as the stewardesses prepared to serve lunch, the plane began to descend. No cities appeared below, just mile after mile of piney woods and a brief glimpse of an interstate highway. "Any of you folks know where we are?" Scott asked over a bullhorn. No one did, and when the jet was only 2,000 feet above the ground, he invited everyone to take a look at the mystery water below. It was Clark Hill Lake, with its 1,200 miles of shoreline, which lies on the South Carolina-Georgia line. As the jet circled the 70,000-acre lake prior to landing at Augusta, 50 miles southeast, Scott pointed out the newly opened lodge at Hickory Knob State Resort Park on the Carolina side of the lake. At the same time down below, the staff at the lodge was learning the true identity of their guests: they had been expecting a convention from Mutual of Omaha.

In the U.S. the freshwater black bass—largemouth, smallmouth or spotted—is the most popular game fish of all. There are literally millions of bass fishermen, particularly in Dixie where big largemouths are lovingly known as "hawgs." Scott, who began hawking memberships in BASS in 1967 out of a cubbyhole office in Montgomery, Ala., now has more than 135,000 members who pay $10-a-year dues. Fishermen get a subscription to *Bassmaster*, the bimonthly magazine, discounts on tackle and life insurance and, most important of all, the right to enter the pro tournament circuit, which in some areas ranks with stock-car racing in esteem. Last year 500 fishermen competed on the BASS circuit in closely policed tournaments, such as the Rebel Invitational and the Seminole Lunker. Although a number of contestants did not stand a chance of winning, they gladly paid the stiff entry fees with the idea of learning all they could by fishing in the same boat with a standout pro. It is also quite an honor for a BASS member to go back home and say he has fished with, say, Billy Westmorland of Celina, Tenn., probably the best smallmouth man in the whole country.

Tournament scoring is based on the weight of the bass caught, and the limit is 10 fish a day. No bass smaller than 12 inches may be taken, and all fish are kept in a live well for later release. A contestant gets a one-ounce bonus for each live bass, and in a close tournament a dead fish can mean losing.

The idea of the mystery lake Classic was the brainchild of Scott and Bob Cobb, the editor of *Bassmaster*. Scott, who often likens the BASS tournament circuit to the PGA golf tour, wanted an equivalent of the Masters, and he and Cobb decided that if they took the top



The Aggravator, a spinnerbait designed to run through snags, was also a favorite

point scorers for the year and suddenly "parachuted them onto a strange lake with only one day's practice instead of three, you'll find out who is the best bass fisherman in the world."

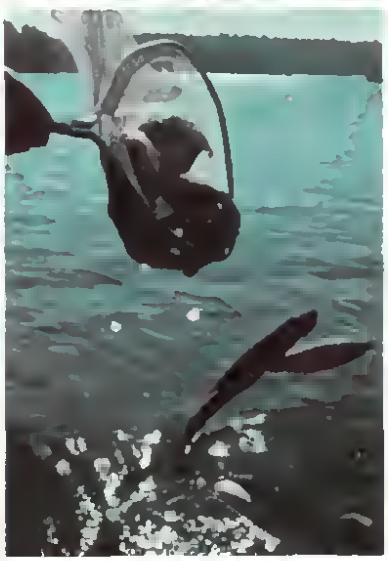
The fishermen set off for their Clark Hill practice round at eight o'clock Tuesday morning after Scott said a prayer and fired a flare gun at the starting line. All embarked in 16-foot Ranger bass boats powered by 85-horse Johnson outboards and identically equipped with depth finders, trolling motors, surface *continued*

Tom Mann of Eufaula, Ala., who fished every day in a stand of flooded timber and was the first day's leader, puts a largemouth in the live well.











PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEPHEN GREEN ARMYTAGE

temperature meters, oxygen monitors, electric anchors, aerator systems for the live well, twin 95-amp super-marine batteries and 1,200-gallon-per-hour bilge pumps. The boats had been trucked to Clark Hill Lake by night from Flippin, Ark., with the drivers getting en route marching orders by phone at prearranged stops to ensure secrecy.

Instead of being paired with one another as in a usual tournament, each pro was accompanied by a member of the press who sometimes fished but mostly watched. "Throwing a line in the water a pro has worked is like fishing behind a vacuum cleaner," said Keith Gardner of *Fishing World*. The pretournament favorite by a big margin was Roland Martin, a 33-year-old promotion and product-development specialist for Lowrance Electronics in Tulsa and the alltime BASS money winner with career earnings of $36,235.20. A former teacher and ex-guide on the Santee-Cooper reservoirs in South Carolina, Martin will stay up to three in the morning examining the topographical map of a lake to pinpoint shallow or deepwater "structure" that should attract or hold bass. Structure can mean anything from a lone rock on a sandbar to a hump in deep water or the bend in a submerged creek bed in a dammed-up lake. Structure is so important for bass that a number of local enthusiasts in the South have taken to creating their own by chain-sawing trees along the banks of a lake. "Those trees will concentrate fish within a week," says Bob Cobb. "What they say is best is a live oak cut with green leaves still on it. It'll hold its foliage longer than other trees. Or you can drag out a tree behind a boat, anchor it in deep water and create a 'honey hole.'"

Martin had yet to win a Classic. As Cobb explained, "It takes Roland just a little longer to get organized with only one day of practice instead of the usual three. He's like a computer; he has to have all the data fed into his head to take advantage of his exceptional abilities. I'm flat convinced he's the finest bass fisherman around, but he's not a gambler and relies on a scientific system of elimination to get the pattern on bass."

continued

Red-shirted Rayo Breckenridge fished his way to the trophy and the $15,000. Tournament Director Rey Scott checked the weight of the winner's catch before the fish were released.



The Men's Lib Watch

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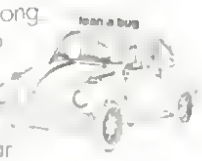


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Dutch Treats could change the way you smoke.

Pattern is another important term in bass fishing. It is the key to winning any tournament, and all the fishermen on the practice round sought out the best pattern: the probable whereabouts of concentrations of bass at a given time. Pattern takes in structure, what depth the bass are, cover (brush, flooded timber, riprap on a drowned road crossing); bait fish (Clark Hill had schools of moving threadfin shad), oxygen level (a brand new factor in bass fishing), water clarity (the lake was stained an off-green from algae with visibility six feet at best), temperature, the type of lure or "bait", lure color and lure presentation.

A couple of years ago the plastic worm was the king of baits for largemouth bass. However, some others have been crowding it, such as the spinnerbaits. Stan Sloan of Nashville, who finished second to Martin on the tournament circuit this year, manufactures and fishes the Zorro Aggravator spinnerbait, and sales have jumped from 100,000 a year to 750,000 as a result of Bobby Murray's using it to win the 1971 Classic at Lake Mead. Similarly, Don Butler of Tulsa, another manufacturer and top pro who won the 1972 Classic on his own Small Okiebug spinnerbait, has had sales of the SOB zoom. The preferred color for both spinnerbaits is generally chartreuse. Another hot lure is a fat-bellied plug known as the Big-O, which casts like a pork chop and was first carved out of balsa wood by Fred Young, a whittler in Oak Ridge, Tenn. When Larry Hill, an insurance salesman from Winston-Salem, N.C., won the Florida Invitational this year with a final-day string of 10 bass that averaged six pounds apiece on a balsa-wood Big-O, the lure became in such demand that fishermen would rent them from a fortunate owner for $5 a day each, with a $20 deposit, and carry them in egg cartons to keep them from getting scratched. The Big-O and such copies as the Big-N, the Big Jim and Fat Albert are now being manufactured in plastic, but to the purist nothing can match the original balsa-wood Big-O, and Young has a long waiting list of customers.

The serious action started on Wednesday, and at the 4 p.m. weigh-in the leader was Tom Mann, a bait manufacturer from Eufaula, Ala., with 20 pounds nine ounces of largemouth bass, five pounds one ounce ahead of his nearest competitor, Bobby Meador of Baton Rouge. Prodded by Ray Scott, Mann told the crowd of eager spectators at the marina that he had taken the fish on four baits: his own leaded-tail spinner, Little George (named for Governor Wallace); his own plastic Jelly Worm (blackberry and strawberry flavors); a Rebel Humpback plug, and Bill Norman's Little Scooper, a small diving plug. "He has to be tellin' the truth!" Scott exclaimed. "He admits he caught fish on other men's baits!"

Privately, Mann said his pattern had been to fish an area of flooded timber standing in only five or six feet of water. "I'm not after big bass," he said of his fishing strategy. "I just want my limits. If you limit every day, you will win the majority of tournaments." Roland Martin, who caught five fish weighing only seven pounds one ounce the first day and never was a factor after that, had showed up to fish the same area, but since he is allergic to bee stings he had to depart quickly when wasps started coming out of their nests in the dead trees.

One of the interested spectators at the marina was Lee Wulff, the noted salmon and big-game fisherman who was producing a film on the Classic. "If I were young, I would have fitted right into this group," Wulff said. "There is a score, but there was no score when I set out to become the All-American angler. This bass competition has proven how little luck there is in fishing."

On the second day Rayo Breckenridge, a 44-year-old cotton and soybean farmer from Paragould, Ark., took the lead by coming in with 24 pounds 11 ounces of bass to give him a total of 40 pounds one ounce. Breckenridge, who has the seamed face and squint eyes of a Confederate sharpshooter picking off attacking Yankees, spontaneously told the crowd that South Carolinians were the most wonderful people he had ever met anywhere. He also added that he would be forever grateful to Roland Martin for bringing him in when the engine of his boat wouldn't start. Scott said, "I don't think Southern hospitality could be better expressed."

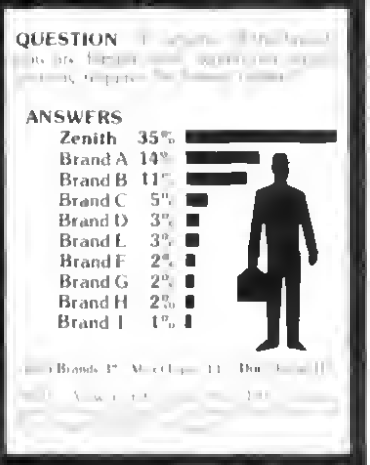
Breckenridge said that he had done all his fishing in a stream, Fishing Creek, that meandered and narrowed back from Clark Hill Lake for five or six miles. On his first day the bass had been there, but he was losing the two- and three-pounders because they were just sort of pecking at his baits. On the second day he had cast to the stumps, "willers," and a few small stands of timber on the out-

continued

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side bend of the creek, and he just happened to pick up the fish using a six-inch strawberry Jelly Worm with a three-sixteenth-ounce slip weight.

In second place with 29 pounds eight ounces was Bill Dance of Memphis. A onetime furniture salesman who had gone on to do a weekly TV show as a result of his early successes on the BASS circuit, Dance has lately played Arnold Palmer to Roland Martin's Jack Nicklaus and, like Palmer, Dance was capable of mounting a last-day charge at Breckenridge. Despite the deficit, Dance did not think he was out of the tournament at all, contiding that he had found bass 29 to 35 feet down over a drowned island between two creek beds.

After a heavy morning fog, the sunny skies held again on Friday, the final day, and the bass pros took off for their honey holes. Dance headed for his island to fish a blue plastic worm. He picked up some good fish – all between 35 and 42 feet deep. Meanwhile, back up the creek, Breckenridge was getting fish on the strawberry Jelly Worm, but not quite as many as he would have liked. He ended the day with seven bass and was fearful of what Dance had done. And when he came back to the marina at four o'clock, he got a scare when he saw Dance's bulging catch bag.

Breckenridge weighed in first and his catch ran his total to 52 pounds eight ounces, a tournament record. There was a stir in the crowd when Dance's bag was brought up to the scales. The catch weighed 19 pounds six ounces for a second-place – and no money – total of 48 pounds 14 ounces. "Super . . . great effort!" announced Scott, who turned to Dance and said, "Look at your scale and cry." Dance smiled.

Scott had a word for everyone else who came by. Of Martin, who finished in 14th place with 22 pounds nine ounces, he said, "He's got the Classic jinx." For his part, Martin said that he knew where Rayo and Dance had been catching bass, "but I couldn't find a place like it."

That night at the formal awards dinner at the lodge, Breckenridge got his $15,000. He also got a scroll, presented personally by Governor John C. West of South Carolina, certifying that he was a true "Palmetto Gentleman." What no one mentioned, perhaps in deference to Carolina hospitality, was that Rayo had caught his winning fish in a creek on the Georgia side of the lake. **END**



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HEROES WITH FEET OF CLAY

Joe Brown once was a boxer, enthralled by the dream of a million dollars and a million friends, but disenchantment eventually would lead him to carve out a new career in sculpture ***by JOE MARSHALL***

More than 40 years have passed since Joe Brown quit boxing. He limps these days with a troublesome hip, and a detached retina causes his right eye to stare vacantly. Yet muscles and memories remain, and when he talks of boxing, frequently in the four-letter idiom of the ring, the limp vanishes and he dances gracefully about, throwing left and right fists that still look awesome. At moments like this the clay on his hands and clothes no longer seems a byproduct of his occupation, but rather suggests a subtle metamorphosis, as if Brown were another sculptured athlete posturing grandly like the quiescent gray-green figures that surround him.

His studio, appropriately enough, is a converted gymnasium; its inhabitants—gymnasts and boxers, football players and swimmers—are his creations. Long ago he made the transition from flesh and blood to clay as a medium for his powerful hands. Today, at 64, Joe Brown is perhaps the country's best-known sculptor of athletes.

Now a full professor at Princeton, Brown is at work on his most ambitious project, four 15½-foot sculptures of baseball and football players for Veterans Stadium in Philadelphia. "These things are damned big, you know," he says gleefully. "I mean the feet are 36 inches long. They haven't got feet; they've got yards." The Brobdingnagian athletes are the result of a Philadelphia ordinance demanding that approximately 1% of the cost of any public building must go toward esthetic adornment. Thus, for Veterans Stadium, a project whose cost ballooned from $25 million to $45 million during construction, the city set aside $290,000 for beautification, $200,000 of which was earmarked for sculpture.

The stadium's executive building committee hired Brown in August 1970. For nearly two years after that the Philadelphia Art Commission, which favored abstract art, stalled final approval of Brown's sketches. Perhaps the Ivy



League professor would become discouraged. He did not. "They didn't count on two things," says Brown. "In the first place, I'm too cheap to let a job like this get away, and in the second place, I never walk away from a fight."

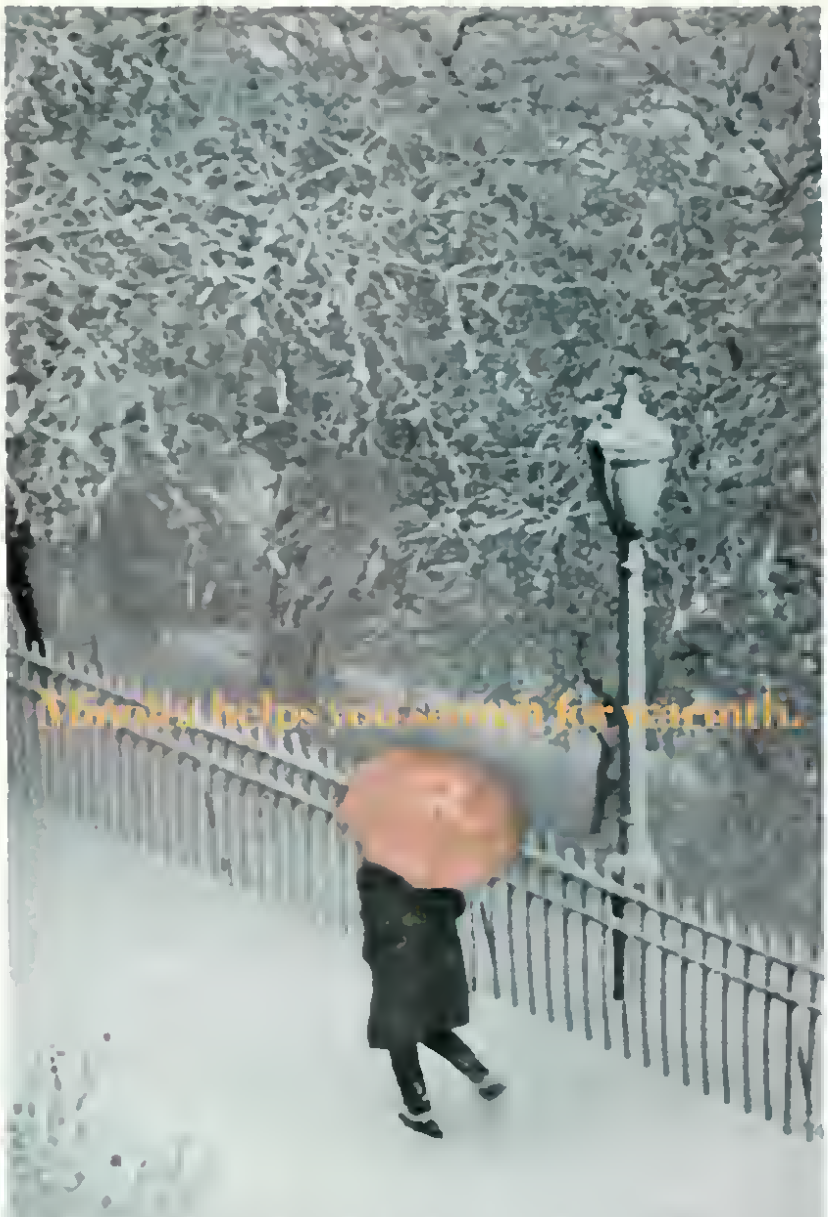
Brown's language is not as figurative as one might imagine. If at times he seems purely the sculptor ("Boxing is a branch of the humanities in which you deal very fundamentally with your fellowman"), the boxer is never far beneath the surface. "Sculpture should do something for people," Brown says. "Art isn't done by a few people for a few people. It shouldn't die in museums. A minority with nebulous credentials tries to tell us what is significant. They are what I call the High Priests of Significance. Bull. No one's going to tell me where I itch."

Joe Brown was born in 1909 in South Philadelphia not far from where Veterans Stadium now stands, and at the age of four moved with his family to the Dev-

continued

WHEN HIS WORK IS FINALLY INSTALLED IN VETERANS STADIUM, PHILADELPHIA WILL HAVE ATHLETES OF MONUMENTAL STATURE





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il's Pocket, a rough slum where he quickly learned the so-called manly arts. In his first week Brown found himself hounded by two older boys. His mother came to the rescue. "Jew," screamed one of his assailants in fleeing. "That's right, and I'm proud of it," Brown yelled back. His mother, an illiterate Russian, saw nothing noble in his stand. "You're a Jew all right," she said, "but you had nothing to do with it. Don't be proud or ashamed of it. When you do something good, be proud of it. When you do something bad, be ashamed."

Eventually, a brother, nine years older, turned professional boxer. Harry (Kid) Brown was a smart fighter who defeated some titleholders in an 18-year career. Joe remembers him bringing home "a couple of thousand dollars" from a fight, more than his father, a tailor, could earn in years, and he remembers walking through town with Harry on a warm Sunday afternoon with everyone from the well-to-do to paperboys acknowledging his brother. "Hey, Harry." "How's it going, Harry?" "Great fight, Harry." To the impressionable youngster it became a dream: "a million dollars and a million friends." By the time he graduated from grammar school Joe Brown had decided to be a world champion.

He grew to be a strong athlete and went to Temple on a football scholarship. He stayed with football only two years. As a sophomore he became captain of the boxing team. One day while working out in a local gym, he sparred with a lefthander who, not long before, had won the AAU heavyweight championship. Brown had never fought a southpaw and, partially out of fear, put everything he had into a hard right that floored the champion. A promoter, Phil Glassman, took notice. Brown agreed to turn professional the following summer when the prospect of easy money turned his head.

He fought in Atlantic City under an assumed name to hide the truth from his parents, won $75 with a knockout and the following week won twice more. In his fourth bout—for $300—he walked into a sucker punch that burst a blood vessel, swelling both eyes and giving his secret away to his family. They were disappointed, particularly Harry, whose winnings had given the family financial stability ("I had to do it; you don't"), but they didn't interfere.

That fight taught Brown something about the sport. He read in newspapers about how much courage he had shown in hanging on to win. He knew he had been hurt and frightened after the sucker punch but had gone on because of the feeling that he could not let the crowd down. And who were those people anyway? They weren't his friends, yet in a sense he had sold them his courage for $300. He began to wonder. If he ever needed courage in the future, would he be able to buy it for $300?

His fifth win seemed to the public an easy decision, but his opponent had thrown stinging uppercuts during clinches, and Brown, who had a wisdom tooth coming in sideways, now found himself with a terribly cut and swollen mouth reading in the newspapers how he had never had a glove laid on him.

He fought four more times, then, near the end of his junior year, quit, 9-0 with four knockouts. A smart fighter, he had grown too smart to fight. He says, "Boxing, to call it by its most flattering name, never has been and never will be a game in the real sense until the rules are changed so that a knockout ceases to be the goal. Look at ourselves. We are willing and anxious to watch two young men, bred in poverty and imbued with little hope but a lot of spirit, try to batter each other senseless. In boxing a brain concussion—the aim of the 'game'—triggers an explosion of applause for the man who triggered the concussion. Where else does that happen in sport? Are we entitled not only to a pound of flesh but to a pint of blood as a chaser?"

Brown learned about those "million friends." Years later he ended a short story (he has published several in national magazines) with this broken-down ex-fighter's rationale for hanging around the ring. "I guess it's like a lotta guys who go to the whorehouse. It's nice to have someone call ya honey once in a while – even if it ain't for real."

Brown discovered his muscles could earn him money in a less violent way—posing for art students. He sat for classes at the prestigious Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and began to wonder why the students' clay versions of Joe Brown resembled no one he knew. He took a lump of clay home one night, completed a suitable version of himself, then "scrunched it up," unbitten by the art. Later he criticized a boxing piece done by the class instructor, Walker Hancock, and when Hancock gave him a lump of clay, Brown went to work. It took him seven months to finish the sculpture, then he ruined it in the casting and had to redo it. He did a sculpture of his brother and a third of a dancer and managed to place all three in the Pennsylvania Academy Annual Exhibition, a remarkable breakthrough that piqued the less fortunate students.

Shortly afterward, R. Tait McKenzie, a noted physician and sculptor who had been the University of Pennsylvania's first Director of Physical Education, saw Brown's work. "You did this without teaching?" he inquired. Brown nodded in expectation of the master's praise. "What a shame," said McKenzie.

"A shame?" said Brown, crushed. "Why?"

"Because these things are so good, it's a shame they're not better."

For the next seven years Brown served a trying apprenticeship under McKenzie, who never paid him more than $15 a week. Near the end of that period, needing extra money so that he could marry Gwyneth King, an artist in her own right, he convinced Princeton University not to shelve its boxing program but instead to hire him as a boxing instructor. He had some unique ideas about teaching the sport ("Boxing is a dance during which two people hit each other"), but more importantly he presented a paper that expressed the sport's shortcomings as he saw them. It convinced Princeton that he was the man for its version of the job. When McKenzie died in 1938, Brown devoted full time to Princeton.

The university soon discovered his artistic talent (he had not mentioned it to the athletic department for fear of scaring it off), and when a creative arts program was initiated in the late '30s, he sold the school on a course in sculpture by describing a college art program as a kind of "sandlot league," a place for developing rough talent. Open to all students, regardless of skill, and with attendance guaranteed by the use of nude female models, the course was enormously popular. It is now fully accredited and has become an institution. But no more so than Brown himself. Through the years his frankness has stirred controversy at Princeton and that, combined with his interesting past and accessibility to students, has made him a campus character. "Please. Call him a personality, not a character," university ex-president Harold W. Dodds used to say without cracking a smile.

Brown ran an annual boxing tournament at Princeton until the early '50s and continued to coach the sport for another decade before it died at the school. It was then that he became a full professor after a long struggle of intermittent, begrudged victories. "They always argued that I wasn't a scholar in the traditional sense," he says. "Hell, I'm not a scholar in any sense. I'm not proud of that or ashamed of it."

Most of his work can be seen in his studio-classroom, including *Boxers*, winner of the National Academy's 1944 Barnett Prize and the first piece he did after a serious infection caused him to lose the sight in his right eye. *Gymnasts*, a 19-foot sculpture, stands outside Temple University's McGonigle Hall. Although the majority of Brown's work deals with sports ("I'm not a determined jock or a case of arrested development, but I got a lot from athletics"), he has done busts of men such as John Steinbeck, William Carlos Williams, Archibald MacLeish ("Did you know he was on the Yale football and water polo teams?") and Robert Frost. He does not like his portrait studies to sit still while being sculpted, and a tour through his studio includes reenactments of conversations he has held there. One of his favorite exchanges involved Frost and a student of Brown's. Student: "How do you go about writing a poem?" Frost: "Well, first something has to happen to you." (Brown is talking very slowly in a raspy voice and mussing his hair forward to create the same tousled look in which he sculpted the poet.) Noting that the message didn't sink in, Frost continued: "Then you put some words on a piece of paper and ride them like a horse until you have a poem." Student: "I think I should set myself a program and write two, four, even six hours a day, whether I feel like it or not. Do you think that's a good program?" Frost: "It sounds like a good program. I'm sure it'll improve your handwriting." Student (angered): "I'm serious." Frost: "I'm serious, too. You want me to give you the truth wrapped in a bundle so that you can put it under your arm and take it home and open it when you need it. Well, I can't do that. The truth wouldn't be there anymore."

Brown also is suspicious of definitions. He refers to the "thinking-doing-feeling fact" in art and, to explain his philos-

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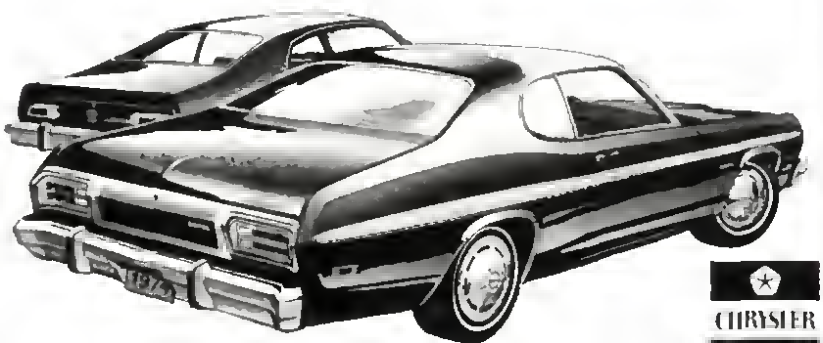
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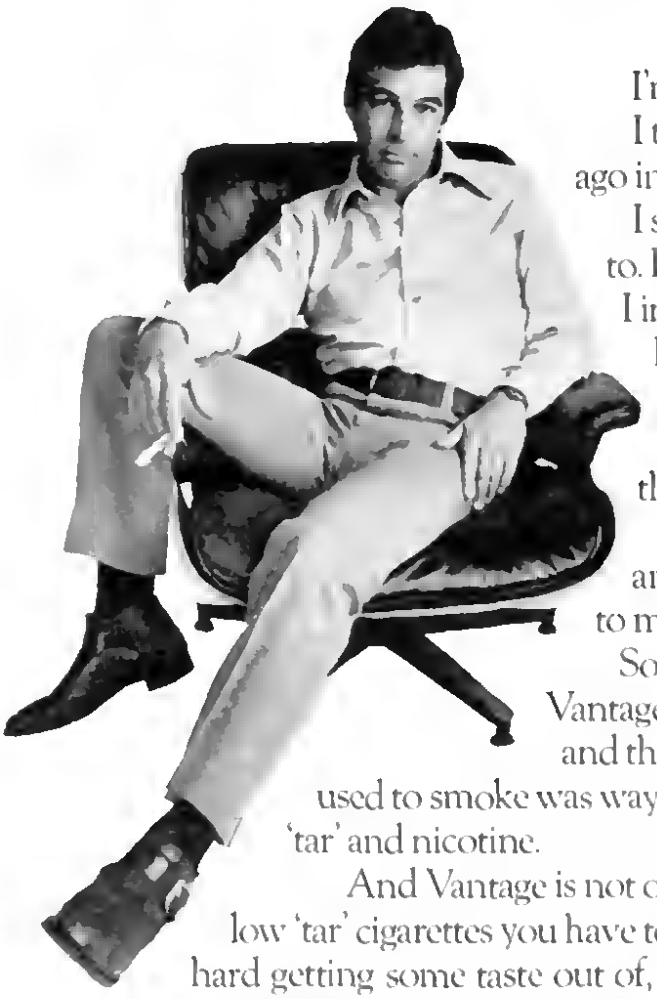
ophy, uses a lump of clay shaped like the head of a man. "Nothing that would interest you has ever happened to this man," he tells a class. He talks of Harry (Kid) Brown learning to fight in the streets and of how he, being a more scholarly type, bought a book on boxing. "I read that a left hook is a punch delivered with the left arm bent at the elbow But that's only a definition." He talks on about his brother, about how he thought of him as the "socio-economic savior of the family," and of how he learned by watching Harry that a left hook could put a dent in the right side of the nose and swell the right eye. He pushes the nose in with his thumb and begins adding clay around the eye. "As I became more intimately involved," he says smiling, "I learned that an eye swells at both the top and the bottom. It helps to have been there. The book offers a definition but that's not the last word." Noting that the boxer has probably been hit on the other side before, he makes slight additions around the eye there. "That's character, or what the doctors call scar tissue. Now a man with a dent in his nose like this one is likely to develop sinus trouble [he wrinkles the brow] and have to breathe through his mouth." Using his comb, he opens the mouth and pouts the lower lip out in a way that resembles his own when he gets heated. "Very possibly his boxing injuries have caused him to have infected teeth." Brown removes a section of teeth. He holds the portrait of the boxer up. "This is what we get from 'a left arm bent at the elbow.' Now I've brought you a message, something you didn't know as well as I do."

Among Brown's works is a head something like this, which he calls *Winner*. When Columnist Red Smith first saw it, he was reminded of Tony Zale the night that he successfully defended his middleweight title against Rocky Graziano. It moved Smith to describe Brown as a "great sports reporter."

Brown hopes to have his first football giant cast and in place by the summer of 1974. It is a goal many would term "optimistic," but Brown is no stranger to optimism. "Our world, surely, is not one of sweetness and light, but just as surely it is not one of darkness and doom," he says. "I think we come closer to the truth if we say, 'It's so good it's a shame it isn't better,' but it won't be better if we stop trying." **END**

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What I'm doing about smoking.



I'm smoking Vantage.

I took up smoking more than 15 years ago in the Marine Corps.

I started smoking then because I wanted to. I smoke now because I want to. And I intend to keep on smoking as long as I want to.

But that doesn't make me bury my head in the sand and ignore the stuff in the papers about smoking.

My attitude is, OK, if high 'tar' and nicotine cigarettes are a concern to me, I'd better do something about it.

So I did. I started to smoke Vantage.

Vantage gives me the flavor of my old brand, and that takes some doing, because what I used to smoke was way up there in 'tar' and nicotine.

And Vantage is not one of those low 'tar' cigarettes you have to work so hard getting some taste out of, you end up not wanting to smoke it.

So what it really comes down to for me is smoking Vantage or my old cigarettes, because I enjoy smoking and don't want to give it up.

And if you feel the way I do, you'll enjoy smoking Vantage too.

James Shannon
New York, New York



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Menthol 11 mg "tar" 0.9 mg nicotine—av per cigarette FTC Report Sept. '73

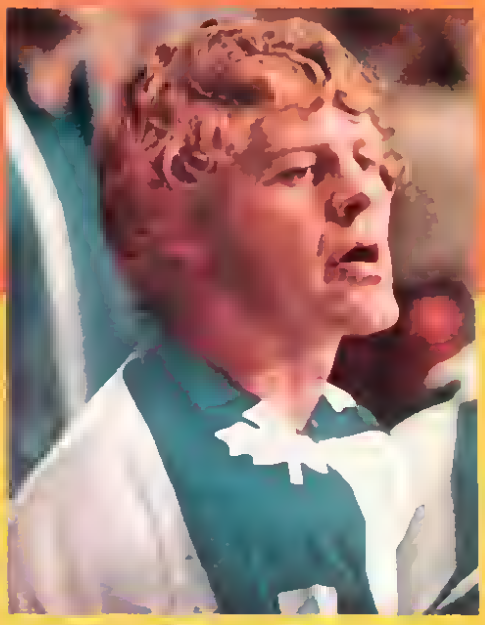
YOUTH IS NOT WASTED ON THESE YOUNG

This is the year of the children's crusode in the Notianol Hackey League. The kids hove been looking for money ond jobs—ond hove gotten both in record amounts and numbers. That figures, because never before has there been such o bountiful horvest of raokies from the opprentice pits of omateur hockey. Some of the very best ore pictured on the following poges, on which their starting yearly solories ore boldly indicated. Even the most joded follawer of sports economics in this spendthrift ero must slightly blanch ot sums af $100,000 ond up for o raft of boys just out of their teens. One who began poying his way promptly was Lonny McDonold (upper right), who scared the winning gool for Toronto in its first meeting with champian Mantreal. All in all, NHL caaches like this year's pradigies so much they hove found berths far 62—on ostounding 20% of oll the jabs ovoiloble. Turn to poge 53 far o closer laak ot the one judged to be best of oll.



$115,000 Tall and lean, Atlanta Center Tom Lysiak stirs memories of the illustrious Jean Beliveau in Coach Boom Boom Geoffrion. "The kid skates like the classic center—head up, stick way out front and eyes on his wings."

$150,000 Toronto's Lanny McDonald played right wing with Lysiak in Medicine Hat, Alberta. After signing with the Maple Leafs he bought an air-conditioned tractor for his family's farm and a dune buggy for himself.



$100,000 Hard-punching Defenseman Ian Turnbull of the Maple Leafs first was assigned jersey No. 33 in training camp—a ticket to the minors—but won No. 2 by impressing Coach Red Kelly with his poise and toughness.

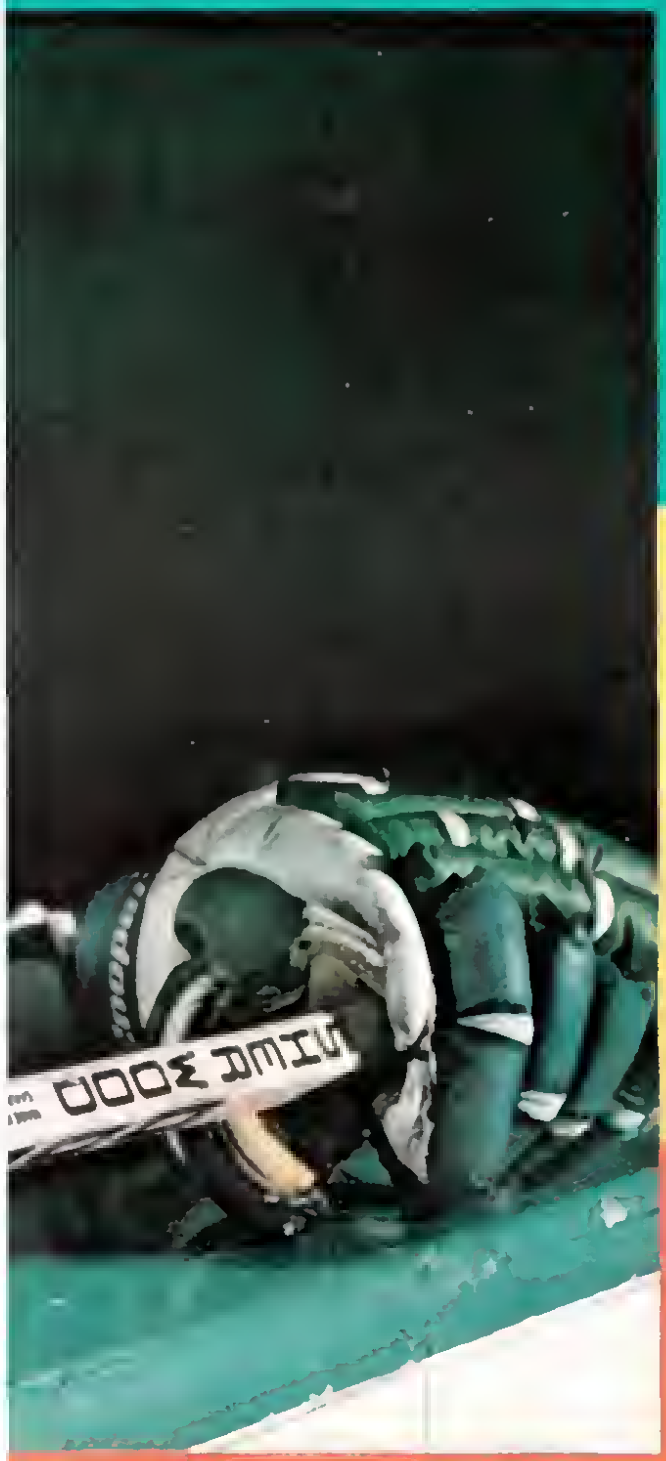




$100,000 In dire need of strong two-way forwards with speed, Vancouver made mustachioed Right Wing Dennis Ververgaert the No. 3 selection in the droft. He scored 58 goals as a junior, ond may well hit 30 as on NHL rookie.

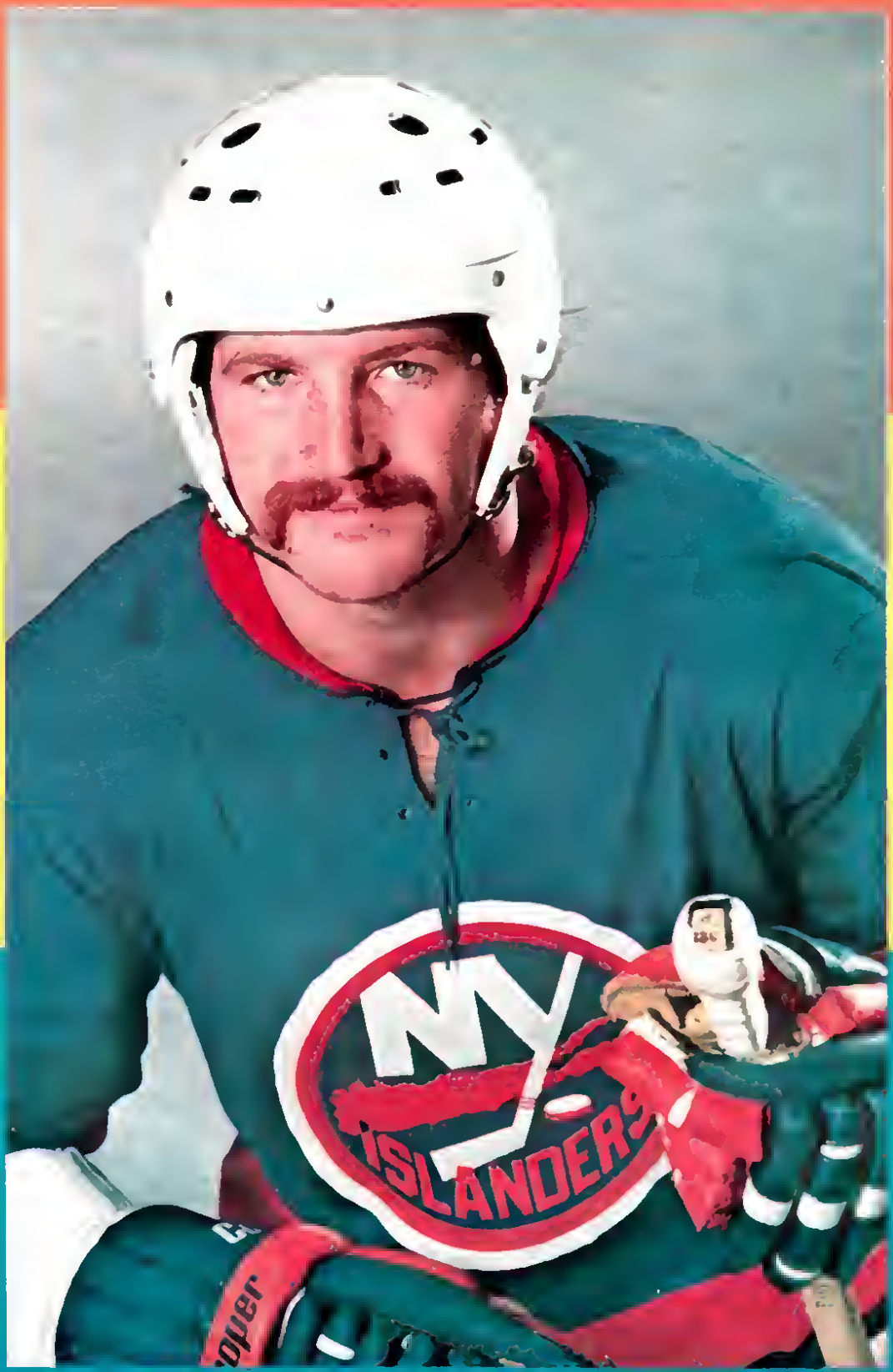


$110,000 At 6' 5" and 220 paunds, Vancouver's Bab Dailey will be the NHL's biggest defenseman. He can dunk a basketball with either hand, but more impartant, he will halt the terror tactics being used against the Canucks.



$133,000 A rare Bastan helmet-wearer, Center Andre Savard, jains an expanding roster of French Canadians in Bruintown. His helmet, boby face ond curly hair belie an aggressiveness that will serve him well on o tough team.




NY
ISLANDERS

A TASTE FOR READING THE ENEMY

Out of all this vintage crop, the most is expected from Denis Potvin, the mustached defenseman for the New York Islanders who celebrated his 20th birthday last week. This is the youngster who has been heralded as the second coming of Bobby Orr. Since Orrs do not occur twice, the advance billing would be an intolerable burden to Potvin if he believed it himself. Certainly he is being well paid to be the first Denis Potvin. He signed a three-year, $400,000 contract that guarantees him a weekly salary of $2,564, precisely $2,504 a week more than he earned last season while playing amateur hockey in Ottawa. As fringe benefits the dapper and articulate Potvin received a $16,500 Mercedes 450SL automobile, a quadriphonic sound system and a few roomsful of furniture from friendly merchants. Then he signed endorsement contracts with a soft-drink firm and a company that manufactures washer detergent. "The soap company holds these contests for housewives," Potvin says. "Every two or three weeks I go over and wash clothes for the winner. It's really a very good deal."

Somewhat surprisingly, Potvin has kept a sense of balance. "A man's attitude determines the success or the failure of his endeavors," he says, "and I simply will never permit my attitude to become negative about hockey. I can't forget something Orr told me this summer. We were sitting in his hotel suite in Montreal one night, waiting for room service to deliver steaks, when Bobby stopped the conversation and suddenly said to me, 'Denis, I've never seen you play, but I've heard a lot about you. Do me a favor, and do yourself a favor, when the season starts just play hockey and forget all the baloney that goes with it.'"

Despite heeding Orr's commandment, the 6', 205-pound Potvin has had a rough initiation into the NHL, for a variety of reasons. One hazard is the pressure exerted by audiences that expect him to perform like someone else. "I'm certainly not an Orr," Potvin says flatly. Indeed, while he handles the puck confidently and makes effective plays, Potvin obviously lacks Orr's breakaway speed and shiftiness. "Orr gets out of his own zone about twice as fast as Potvin," says Boston Defenseman Carol Vadnais. "Of course, Orr also gets out twice as fast as every other defenseman in the league." As a skater and a puck carrier, Potvin resembles Brad Park of the New York Rangers rather more than Orr.

Potvin also seems handicapped by the fact that he had to continue playing amateur hockey in Ottawa after learning all it could teach. "I don't want to sound cocky," he says, "but I still have it in my mind that I was ready for the NHL two years ago. It was inevitable that I would pick up bad habits by playing more junior hockey, and I did. Now that I am in the NHL, I feel—and I'm sure other people think the same thing—that I should be able to walk in and control the game like I did in Ottawa. Of course, that's impossible, but the thought nevertheless is inescapable."

Like all offensive-minded defensemen, Potvin depends on his instincts to get the puck up the ice, and those instincts must be refined by a careful study of the checking techniques of the players working against him. He is just getting to know them. "Once you learn the habits of a checker," Potvin says, "it is relatively easy to get the puck past him one way or another. I catalog the tactics checkers like to use, and I study them before every game."

In his first weeks with the Islanders for example, Potvin recorded these traits: "Atlanta always sent two forwards at me when I had the puck behind the net. The next time we play the Flames I'll have to forget about carrying the puck myself and concentrate on passing it around their checkers to my forwards or working a give-and-go pass play with my other defenseman. Philadelphia doesn't let you carry the puck either, and the Flyer forwards like to be physical. Bobby Clarke will chase you behind the net and work on you with his stick, but Rick MacLeish waits in front of the net and picks you up when you skate out. The Flyers seem to make you hesitate a long time before you try anything. On the other hand, it's pretty easy to carry the puck against Boston as long as you don't try to skate out the right side when Wayne Cashman is on the ice. Cashman likes to check you behind the net. Ken Hodge, the right wing, and Phil Esposito, the center, both give you plenty of room to come out the left side. Hodge, in fact, stays way out at the face-off circle."

Potvin's major problem as a rookie, however, is that he plays for just about the worst team in the NHL. "I must be a realist," he says. "In junior hockey I could do pretty much what I wanted. I could skate all over the ice and carry the puck all night without any great worry. If I do that here, I'll get killed. We'll win a lot of games this year by playing positional hockey, by thinking defense first and offense second. As a result I have tempered my personal goals. In fact, my personal goals are the team's goals. Respectability. Winning. A positive attitude. I'm trying to approach the year in a tactful way. I'll *produce* in every game, but at the same time I'll be learning. I hope the people will be indulgent."

Although his family lives in the French section of Ottawa and speaks mostly French, Potvin speaks good English as well as French and may break Ken Dryden's rookie record for books read in one season. Since the start of training camp he has devoured six, including *Future Shock*, *The Exorcist* and Timothy Leary's *The Hope Fiend* and he will start on *Semi-Tough* after completing Herman Wouk's *The Winds of War*. "I must confess," he says, "that I had to go to my dictionary to get through *Future Shock*." Given his present perfectionism, the future shocks should belong to the enemy.

MARK MULVOY

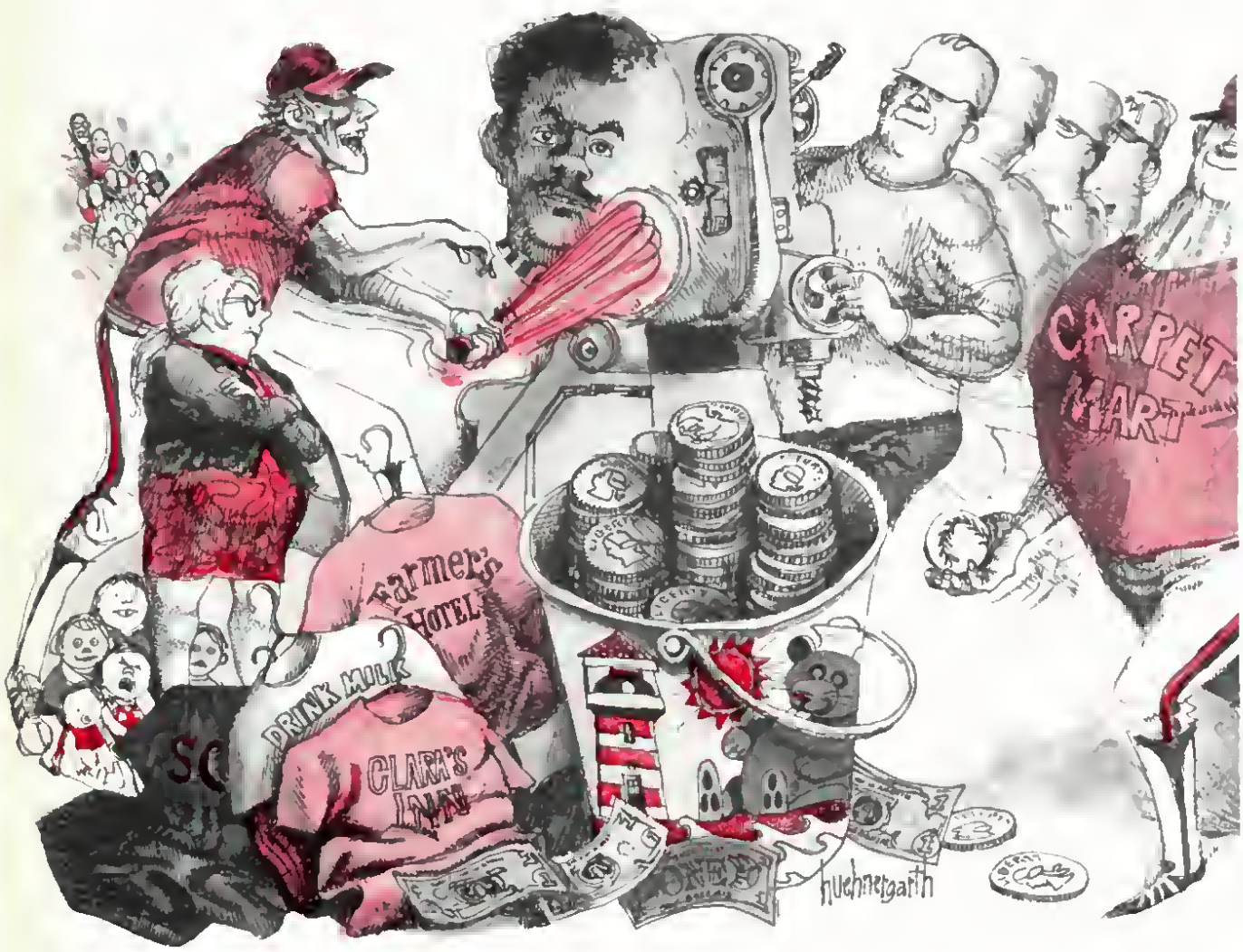
$133,000 "I am nervous," says Denis Potvin, "but nobody's a superman in the NHL. I must have something or I wouldn't be here." The pick of the year's lavish draft crop plays alongside an older brother, Jean, for the Islanders.

IT'S WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION

When it comes to softball, they never mind the overtime—all those holideys, weekends and nights spent scuffling and scrambling on rough diamonds for local glitter and a little gold

by D. KEITH MANO

They come out of the night, a weird migratory species, wherever there is a fast-pitch softball tournament. In station wagons that remember the rock 'n' roll era, mufflers low slung, metal rot crumbling off when the broken shocks hit. You can tell they are pitchers. The spiked-shoe tip is eaten away; one foot drags, drags in a fast-pitch delivery. Some wear steel plates over the toe. They are not a winsome group; fast pitch seems to be bad for the teeth. Flesh on their kidneys is toneless. They tend to have awkward bellies, navels peering down, Cyclopean, over belt buckles. Joyce Brothers looks somewhat more athletic. They have become highly specialized, the body's diverse business reduced to a huge, explosive arc of the arm, thigh and knee ducking aside nervously just in time. They throw with terrific velocity, terrific cun-



ning. And they are in demand, popular as bachelors at a borsch circuit singles weekend.

Most are paid to be amateurs. Everyone knows it, from the league presidents on down. Superstars can ask three or four hundred in "expenses" for a regional tournament; make that five or six hundred, real cash. Somehow such items don't get mentioned on a 1040 form. Journeymen have to settle for 10 bucks and a six-pack of Schaefer. Marginal profit, but one pitcher told me he threw 164 games in four months. Just multiply it out. Pitch at 10 a.m. Sunday morning, get in a station wagon, pitch again at one p.m., at 4 p.m., then two games under the lights in another county. One tough negotiator held out for five bucks an inning. The game was scoreless after a regulation seven, so he walked off the mound: his sponsor couldn't come up with time and a half for overtime. They can pitch 800 innings-plus per season into their mid-40s because the human arm is built to go that way. It's a natural motion. You don't get the hacksaw attrition or the elbow-breaking shocks of an overhand fastball.

They go on and on. Civil servants don't have better job security. And it could be they're murdering the game. In tournaments, where a single team may play six times in 48 hours, the rosters have to be expanded; each team can pick up one or two pitchers. You see the same faces, the same arms, the same 1964 Plymouth wagons. There is no mechanism for breaking in young pitchers. In most regions you get the same mercenary troops, *condottieri* of the diamond. In one summer they change uniforms more often than your kid's G.I. Joe doll.



In Middletown, N.Y., at a place called Fancher Davidge Park, they play a marvelous brand of softball. It's a trim, very professional ball field, maintained at city expense. Box office consists of one man with a child's red sand pail, fishing for quarters. The stands seat a thousand or so; there are dugouts, fences, an electric scoreboard, fair to good lighting and a dirt infield that gives one true hop in four, about 10 times more dependable than most softball diamonds. For its coat of arms Fancher could use two bottle bats crossed on a field of rubber pacifiers. The foul lines form half a baby's crib. Children swarm. The men who play fast pitch at Fancher play five, six nights a week. Their wives learn to love the sport or they divorce and marry someone who can't hit his I.Q. Nine, ten, eleven o'clock at night, moths flurry around the lights. Infants are put to sleep by the ugly bonk of aluminum bats. Pregnant wives hug themselves. The prenatal influence must be potent. A rightfielder claims that his son was born with one fist closed, thumb up. Out! They root before birth. Born, they seem to cry Bronx cheers.

I've seen some 40 contests at Fancher and at Spratt Park in Poughkeepsie. A revelation. I don't care what you say, it's a better game—more exciting, more exacting—than major league baseball. Bud Harrelson can play jacks with a grounder and still his sharp arm will save him. Not in softball with those 60-foot base lines. Three hops to the shortstop and you can give a left-handed batter 50-50 odds, even with a clean pickup. The seven-inning games last about 90 minutes, a delightful length. At its best the pitching ranks with major league pitching at its best—everyone knows how Eddie

continued



Feigner has embarrassed All-Star baseball players. Drops, rises, curves; insane, nameless balls that spin-slap off the pitcher's hip as he follows through. Only thing you can't throw is a spitball: wet does nothing. From 45 feet a changeup can double your vision and make your hat jerk like an XKE gearshift.

And it's a different game. The bunt devastates. First and third basemen play halfway. In baseball your shortstop keys the infield. In fast pitch the second baseman covers first nearly as often as the first baseman—plus regular duties. With the drawn-up infield, Baltimore chops account for a good third of the hits: both second and short shade deep to protect the first and third basemen. Players seem like thyroid giants on the tiny infield. Tie-long hesitation means a base hit. It's like playing four-wall handball in your bathroom.

A team called Carpet Mart plays at Fancher Davidge. Yes, Carpet Mart. You'll just have to put up with the names: Bay Drug, Clara's Inn, Cherry Bros., Glen Volkswagen. There's one team apparently named after an O'Hara short story collection: Farmer's Hotel. And exhortatory names: Drink Milk, for God's sake. That doesn't exactly reek of *machismo*. Can you hit the hag, spikes honed and high, with Drink Milk on your chest? Frankly, the game itself suffers from nomenclature problems. Softball. Soft: it has a faggy ring to it. Another name—superball, bigger ball, EXXON ball—might have made the sport a regular on Monday night TV. Instead, it's just the most played team game in America. But don't let names put you off. Carpet Mart, for instance, is the best at Fancher Davidge. Carpet Mart has been New York State fast-pitch champ since 1971.

The players look good. The red-and-white uniforms are faded, but they have a svelte, double-knit tightness. Other teams manage to be somewhat baggy around the butt, reminding me of a North African nomad tribe that wore huge, droopy pants seats. They believed their Messiah would be born to a male, very suddenly. Carpet Mart has class. Their teeth are pretty much in place. Their mouths haven't been reshaped by pop-top beer cans. Around the Middletown League you see a lot of players who are thin in the jowls, as if shortstop were a wasting disease. Carpet Mart nicknames are lettered behind the left shoulder. Roadrunner. The Greek. Nipper. Stick. Vern Darmstadter, the third baseman, turned down minor league contracts from the Phils and the Indians. Dick D'Neill, the first baseman, a reachy 6'7", was small-college All-America in basketball at Western Kentucky. They are close. The nucleus has played together six or seven years. They speed-read each other's moves. Against tough pitching, Carpet Mart has batters who have hit .450, .475, 525. Incredible. I don't get a fork in my mouth 45% of the time.

But this is an article about love, not athletic prowess. Love of a game, love that enforces a perverse, rigorous lifestyle. And requited in its fashion. Carpet Mart is telephone linemen, construction workers, electricians. Five p.m., hit the time clock, forget a cranky foreman and the implacable arithmetic of your take-home pay deductions. It's enough to pull one stirrup on over white sanitary hose. That useless thin strip of cloth down the ankle bone is an American sign. It makes you longer in the leg. It means, I *am* a ballplayer. Listen to spikes grate on pavement, then spindle dirt. Your name over the P.A.; abbreviated crazily in a paper's box score, D'rmst'r. Choke in the clutch some nights, but at least there's a clutch. The game has uncertainty and excitement. Hope. Things perhaps gone now, going, from life.

They are mostly late middle age in the chronology of athletes—34, 37. It costs them plenty to play. Gas and rubber and blown valves: some travel 40, 50 miles to Fancher Davidge. They throw a quarter into the red sand pail every night. There's no workmen's compensation for a fractured ankle or arm. And add the overtime, the second summer job they can't fit in.

Carpet Mart loses regularly to the world class Poughkeepsie Little Brauhaus in Mid-Atlantic tournaments, but the Brauhaus is amateur as a Russian Olympic track and field team; the annual operating budget in Poughkeepsie runs around $50,000. Maybe it's for the best: if Carpet Mart won the regionals, no way the players could get up plane fares to the world tournament. And most compete in two or three other leagues. In the Ellenville League, Carpet Mart is B & H Marine Room. In Goshen, in Monroe, it goes by other names. I've seen Stick D'Neill playing lob ball in a nondescript beer league at 10 a.m. Sunday morning with three fast-pitch games ahead of him.

continued

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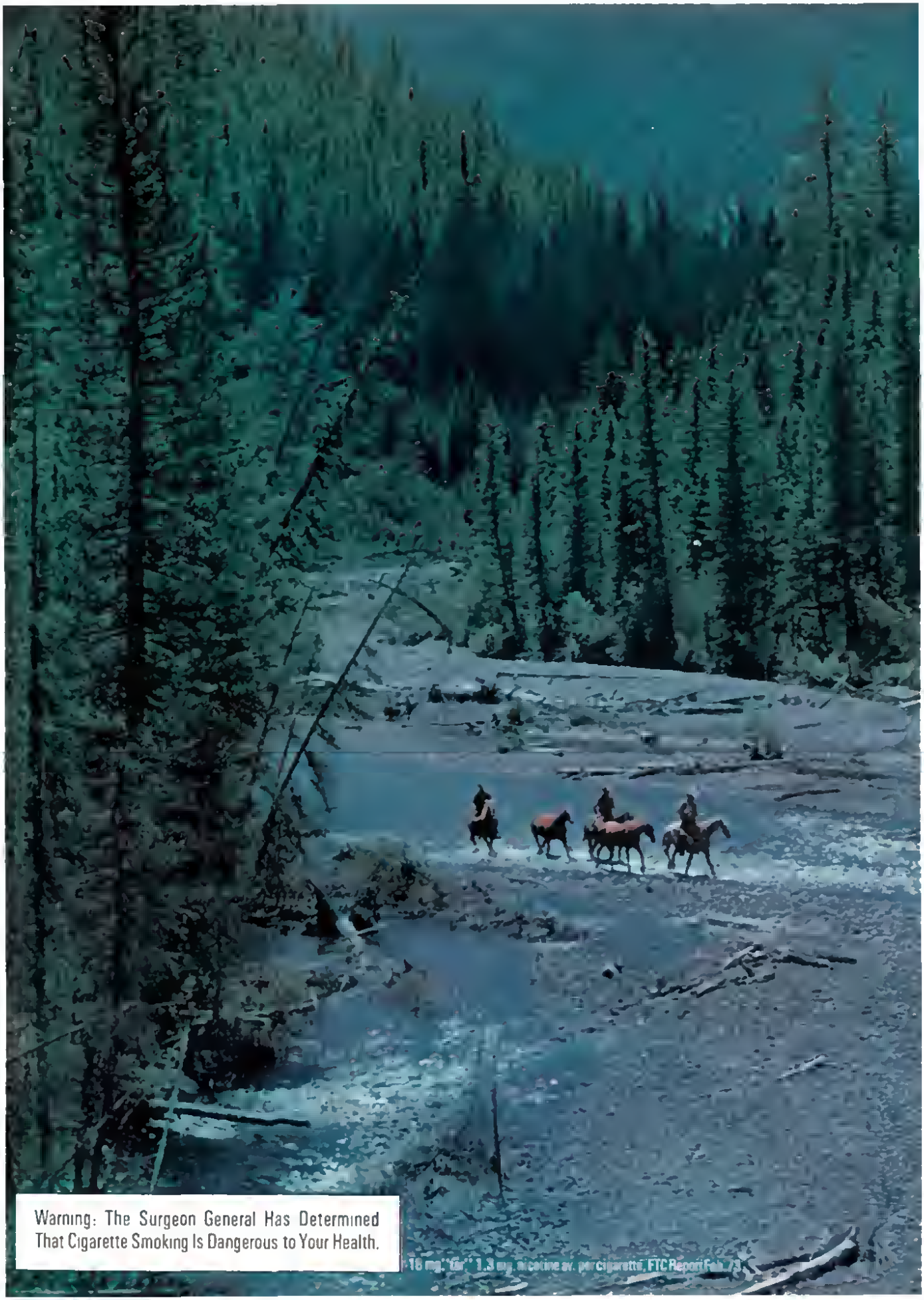


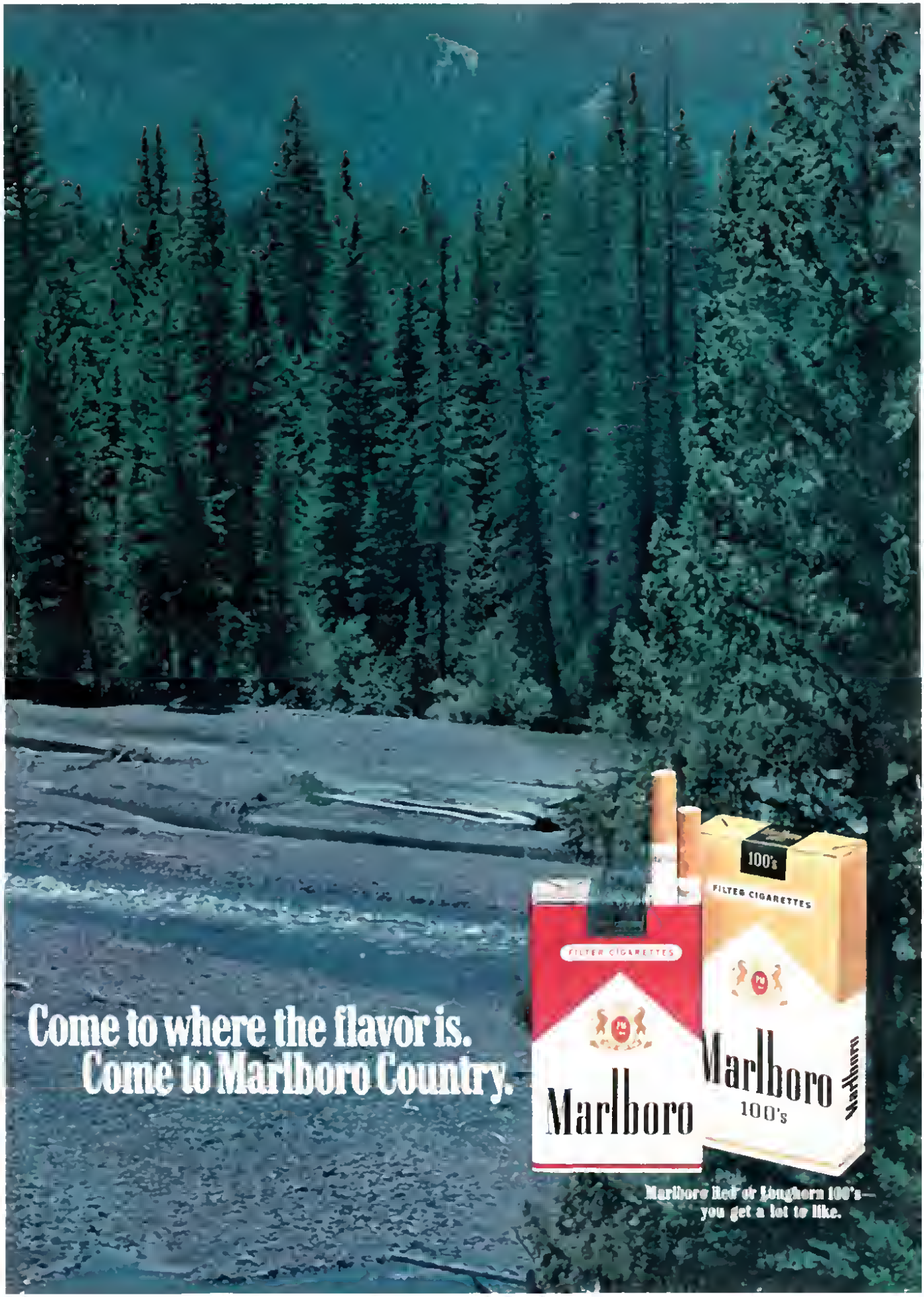
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The wives' in a divorce action they could name Fancher Davidge as corespondent. Marriage is a torn uniform knee, patched, reborn. Carpet Mart is deep at the wife position. They sit together, the women's auxiliary. They housekeep behind the backstop: carriage, thermos, knitting, snacks. Children play hide and seek in slatted shadows under the grandstand. They have a kind of emblem, portable backed seats that slip over bare, hard planking. Eighty or 90 games per summer, that's a prescription for chronic inflammation of the coccyx. They travel to tournaments together: Allentown, Utica, Buffalo. One weekend in another town, another motel, it rained for three days and half the children came down with chicken pox. They understand the game, they take losses hard. In Middletown, Carpet Mart is the Yankees circa 1961: much hated. And they know the cost—new bedspreads and curtains and root-canal work postponed to winter. They accept it.

Middletown: the name is apt. Middleclass, Middle America. Softball isn't a soul game, but two blacks, brothers, play for Carpet Mart. Charlie Cotton, the catcher until he crashed his car into a telephone pole, is *de facto* coach. Dickie Cotton collapses his Afro at game time the way you'd deflate a basketball before packing it into an attache case. This is exceptional. Carpet Mart hairstyles recall photos in a 1950s high school yearbook. The nap on your shag rug is more modish. I try to be provocative. I ask about Haldeman and Ehrlichman? "What do they throw?" someone answers. Putting me on. They don't volunteer opinions: they don't consider themselves qualified. Taxes hurt, they have an opinion on taxes. But right and left and center are positions in the outfield.

There is a legend in Middletown. The name's Zovistoski. Tough legend to pronounce. Tony (Big Z, Whitey) Zovistoski plays short for Carpet Mart. I've watched Z take a grass cutter bare-handed deep in the hole and throw on a line to first without coming up. In the '73 regionals a line drive hit three feet in front of him and to the left. It found a rock, ricocheted straight up. First time I've seen the human body on automatic pilot. Zovistoski webbed the ball just behind his own neck—fingers, wrist, elbow bent down as

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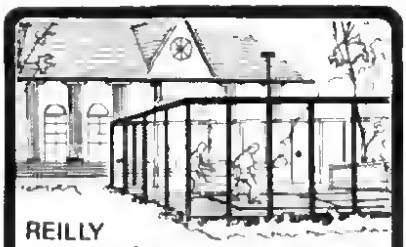
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John Williams, golf professional from Orchard Lake, Michigan, discusses his reasons for Cadillac ownership.

"I do quite a bit of traveling . . . especially in the wintertime . . . and I like a heavier, larger car for the road effect. I've found my Coupe deVille to be a great road car. It's easy to drive . . . it almost drives itself.

"Of course, I also enjoy the looks. Over the years, Cadillac has always had the right styling . . . great lines . . . but initially and continuously, it's been performance I look for.

"If a friend were to ask my advice about buying one, there are two features I'd stress. First, the trade-in value. For me it's the best. I try to change cars every year, and for that reason I think I drive my Cadillac for less money than many smaller cars. Second, the roadability of the car . . . especially if they're going to do a lot of traveling.

"I really feel that Cadillac is a prestige car. All through your early life you point towards certain things you'd like to attain. Owning a Cadillac was one of my basic drives.

"More people are looking at it the way I do. It doesn't cost that much to drive a Cadillac. A few years ago, a lot of people felt they couldn't afford to play golf. Now they know better. I think that's the way it's becoming with Cadillac ownership, too."

Cadillac



GM

Cadillac Motor Car Division

if he were using a back scratcher. A superb display of naked reflexes. Hitters get a small consolation: anything goes through Z and "H" lights up on the scoreboard. He does this, mind you, on infields scarred as an oxcart track.

Zovistoski's "shortstop" is somewhere in left field. He charges everything, long legs wide and graceful, a water strider on the infield lake. As Mrs. O'Neill tells Mrs. Z, "Your husband is a showboat and I'll say it to your face." It's true; it's elegant. Mrs. Z doesn't mind having it told to her face. Between pitches, Z blows a neat, athletic Bazooka bubble. Between innings, he smokes. In fact, Carpet Mart is state smoking champ. Marlboro packs outlined through double-knit rear pockets. Zovistoski lopes to his position, a canter, high on the toes, that doesn't quite break into a gallop. He bats .400 plus. His base running demoralizes. Z could draw a throw taking out the garbage. He is 6'1", slim and very blonde, the weather-tested face of an explorer. He is 34. And you wonder, what's a beautiful ballplayer like you doing in a town like this?

Years ago he missed the chance. One day before his New York Mets tryout Zovistoski broke up a double play at second. The shortstop's knee broke up his shoulder. "They should've put a pin in. For two years I couldn't throw. Had a fight one night—before I was married. When I threw my right, it just stayed out there. Locked. It was expansion time. I had a good chance." I sit in the Zovistoskis' spacious rented living room. They're trying to buy a house, but mortgages are rarer now than left-handed third basemen and you need 40% down. Let me tell you, Mrs. Z is lovely. I know, every sports article you read, the wife looks lovely, even if her nose is big as a rosin bag. Sharon Zovistoski is lovely. blonde, wide featured, cheerful. And patient, God knows. She tries not to pray for rain. Z squats on the living room rug in stirrups and sanitaries, just back from the Goshen league. He's played 10 nights in a row. Mrs. Z shrugs. "He loves the game." A thicket of trophies is packed away somewhere. "I try to keep this year's trophies out at least. I hate to put his trophies in the box right away. We had a lot of them on top of the refrigerator. It was the only place left."

They have two children, one of each. Sharon says, "I was afraid they wouldn't like sports. I was crazy. What else could they like?" There is no off-season. Z plays basketball with O'Neill's team in the winter—another set of uniforms, no torn knees at least. His father was an onion farmer in the black-dirt country around Middletown and Florida, N.Y. A strenuous life: seven days a week, 12 hours a day. Z takes his hamburgers without after 20 years. His father caught in the amateurs and "my mother was a hell of a basketball player." He had an unexceptional high school sports career, small for his age, but bloomed in the service. Z pulls down $10,000 as a heavy-equipment operator for the county road department. He gets paid every two weeks. "I work a week just for food." You can't eat tro-

continued

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phies. He doesn't think about the past, the possibilities. So he says I think about it when he goes behind second base to cut off a grounder and throw on a line from the suburbs of center field. It's a shame, the talent lost. He deserves to showboat for a bigger audience. With fair luck Tony Zovistoski could have been playing in the majors today. And he'd probably want to play in both leagues, on alternate days.

As you may have guessed, Carpet Mart is sponsored by Carpet Mart. Pat Durante owns the modest Middletown rug outlet. I interview him at the office. Durante wears a clean white T shirt. Near us, rolled rugs crowd together, a logjam. In the half-light an eerie lilliputian regiment of straining metal men seems to supervise. Ten years' trophies. And all in the same stance: atop a Doric column, bodies skewed about, releasing the bat after some paradigmatic home run. A false, kinetic expectation fills the room. Durante manages Carpet Mart not because he'll take the balls and hats home if he can't give a steal sign. He knows the game, lives it. There's a Carpet Mart basketball team, too. Someone else manages it. Durante doesn't know that game.

It's expensive. Bats, balls, entrance fees; socks run 40 bucks a set, pants $16.95 each. Durante figures more than $2,000 a year, no fringe benefits. Once he auctioned off a rug so that Carpet Mart could get to Buffalo for a regional tournament. There is some advertising feedback in the sports pages and on local radio, but not much. It's typical of most sponsors. For restaurants and bars the best return on investment comes with after-game beer parties. Durante can count on nine regular rug installations and maybe three from the bench. Probably 12 men with sandwich signs on Main Street would be more effective.

Durante has sponsored Carpet Mart since the middle '60s. A lot of uniform knees. He's tired now, says it's his last year. Tired of hauling the low, wheeled coffin that holds Carpet Mart's quiverful of bats. Tired of blown tires, weekendless weeks, sports coverage that abbreviates Carpet Mart to CM in headlines. And the expense has hurt. By the time you read this they'll have moved on. Z and Darmstadter and D'Neill, the two Cottons and Lasher, Ron Barnes, the pesky, brilliant second baseman. Plump Frank Bell, a one-man bench, who caught after Charlie Cotton's accident, played second after Barnes broke an ankle, third when Darmstadter temporarily retired. Dave Martin, the left-field slugger who looks like Charles Bronson. Charlie Springstead, a gung-ho electrician-outfielder, who has given up $5,000 worth of overtime just to play this game. The wives will root differently. The kids will have to be taught, maybe, a conditioned reflex, they'll cheer for Carpet Mart now and again. The New York State fastpitch champs are up for sponsorship. They're used to this, it happens all the time in other leagues. They'll change costumes more often than a summer stock repertory company. But by any other name, they play as sweet. **END**

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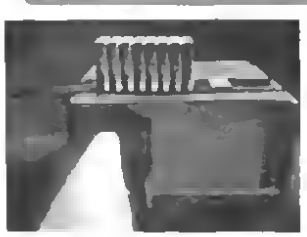


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There's this quick-witted fox in Berkeley, England who heads straight for the Plume of Feathers pub when the local hunt club hounds him. Foxy then gives the dogs the brush-off and the hunters a headache by vanishing into a disused drainpipe. Plume of Feathers Owner **Phil Hodgkinson** is not entirely unhappy over this. "The fox nips into the drain and the hounds can't get him, so the members of the hunt come in to drown their sorrows," he piped up. "It has happened twice this season already. I haven't trained the fox, but he is very good for business."



◆

Appearing on a halftime radio show, University of Delaware scout **Jim Grube** aptly compared the Blue Hen football team to a Volkswagen. "We've stuck with the same model and made only minor modifications over the years," he said, with evident satisfaction. Grube wondered why the announcer blanched, then turned a trifle pale himself seconds later when he discovered the broadcast was being sponsored by Dodge.

Bob Blanchard, a good junior offensive guard for North Carolina State, 1) enjoys pain and hates girls, 2) likes to dangle from his dorm windowsill four stories up, 3) has tattooed himself to commemorate his worst disappointments and 4) looks forward to not growing old. "Anybody can be normal," he says. "It takes a rare individual to be really sick." Blanchard smashes against walls to test his toughness and believes that football becomes real only when a player has something to overcome—like being hurt. "I feel guilty when the game's over and I don't have any blood on me." As for aging, Blanchard thinks it is undignified. "I don't want to sit around watching myself grow old," he says. "If I do enough crazy things—and I really do—chances are pretty good I'll be under the ground before 30. Line Coach [Larry] Beightol tries to straighten up my mind, but I figure that I'll have him converted first."

It pays to advertise. Disturbed by the deficiencies of his centers, if not by Bob Blanchard, N.C. State's Head Coach **Lou Holtz** announced his phone number at a postgame interview and said, "If anyone wants to snap for us, give me a call." Tom Christopher, a State freshman, was one of 30 people responding, and, against Maryland, he centered the ball perfectly to kicker Allen White eight times. That helped White average 45.6 yards per punt, and State edge Maryland 24-22. Now here's the kicker: Maryland lost because *its* regular center, Marion Koprowski, made a terrible snap on an attempted field goal with 13 seconds left to go in the game.

But sometimes advertising does not pay. When Long Beach State Coach **Jim Stangeland** ran his want ads for running backs in the local papers, the applicants included an Arab, Stangeland's secretary, Julie Johnson, whom he didn't recognize right away because she walked into his office in a football uniform, complete with helmet, a young man whose afternoons were free because he had been cut from the Long Beach band; a 25-year-old father of four whose nickname was Crash because, as a helicopter pilot in Vietnam, he hadn't been too skillful.

◆ **Kim McKenzie**, a 21-year-old golden-haired beach girl from Mooloolaba, is not exactly out on a shark lark. She helps her father man the official shark patrol along the southern Queensland coast from Bribie Island to Noosa Heads. The Australian women's surfing champion Miss McKenzie takes along her board so that she can surf when the seas are clear and the work is light.

◉ O.K., that's Russian gymnast **Ludmila Turishcheva** on the left and **Olga Korbut** on the right... but who is that in the middle? Well, she's one of 13 security guards assigned to protect Olga and other gymnasts competing in the women's European championships last week at Wembley. Seems everyone was worried about Olga's safety: the British, and the International Gymnastics Federation, which was considering banning some of her more spectacular routines on the grounds that they are too dangerous. Maybe they have something there. Miss Korbut had to withdraw from the competition after the vault because she aggravated a strained ankle.

It was because of a couple of dyed-in-the-wool fans that Dallas folks got to see the Cowboy-Giant game on television. To assure a sellout, **Paul Vickery** of Dallas and **Paul Roughand** of New York bought the last 303 tickets at Texas Stadium. The cash did indeed come from colored wool. Roughand is president of a carpet manufacturing company and Vickery owns a carpet distributorship.

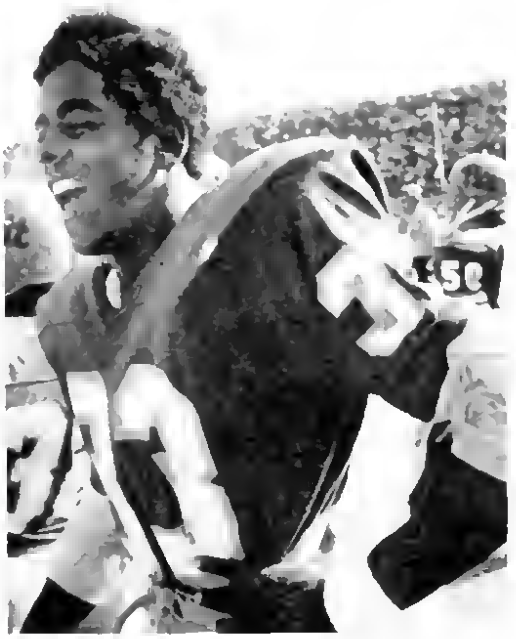
The Buffalo Sabres recently made a move that should have been a sportswriter's dream. TITANIC GOES DOWN, the headline could have read, because he did. **Morris Titanic**, the Sabres' No. 1 amateur draft pick, was sent down on loan to the Cincinnati farm team.



The man who makes the Panther bite

Johnny Majors was never one for lollygagging around. Down home in Lynchburg, Tenn., where Jack Daniel's is the most noted export next to ole Johnny, they used to say that when it came to speedy country tailbacks the Majors' eldest boy was like a blend of sippin' whiskey and white lightnin'—smooth with a good strong finishing kick.

Ole Johnny is 38 now and still doing his fast-stepping number. Take last December when, after five seasons of coaching Iowa State out of a bad case of the defeats, he took the Cyclones to the Liberty Bowl in Memphis, lost a 31-30 thriller to Georgia Tech, then hotfooted it east a few short hours later to begin another revival program at Pittsburgh, assuring everyone within hog-calling distance that he "would do anything that it takes to bring winning football back to Pitt."



DORSETT SAYS LITTLE BUT RUNS A LOT

The reason for Majors' sprint was that he well knew that in order to win he would need a TD. Tony Drew Dorsett, to be exact. Dorsett, an All-America tailback at Hopewell High School in Aliquippa, Pa., was the state's most sought-after natural resource since the discovery of bituminous coal, and less than 24 hours after he flashed into Pittsburgh, Johnny Lightning went mining.

The new Pitt coach cornered Dorsett and teammate Ed Wilamowski at the dining room table in the home of Hopewell High Coach Butch Ross. Over Christmas cookies and cider, Majors, a kind of backwoods Norman Vincent Peale on the recruiting trail, delivered a two-hour sermon that in essence went something like this: "You boys come to Pitt and you'll have the opportunity to be part of something new. You'll have a chance to be different, to be unique. You can play early. You can play before your home folks. You can play good ole exciting, wide-open, cow-pasture football. And, I guarantee it, you'll play with pride and enthusiasm. Yes, sir, you'll have a calling. You're not going to learn how to lose. You're going to learn how to . . . win!"

Recalls Ross: "I don't know what Tony and Ed were thinking but I do know that my wife was ready to sign up with Pitt right on the spot."

Nobody knew what Dorsett was thinking. He is so quiet that his full sentence is another's oration. Also, he was being gang-tackled by recruiters from 68 colleges and, he says, "going to all those big campuses and hearing the usual rap was getting tiring." Woody Hayes came around twice on behalf of Ohio State. Joe Paterno put in a pair of appearances, spiriting him off to a distant motel room on one occasion where, as Tony recalls it, he was all but promised the Heisman Trophy if he went to Penn State.

In the end, though, both Dorsett and Wilamowski, a strapping defensive end, signed with Pitt. Tony remains vague as to exactly why he became a disciple of Johnny Majors' Traveling Revival Show, except to say that the playing-before-the-home-folks line got to him a little bit. That and the fact that Majors came to see him 10 times while Jackie Sherrill, the new assistant head coach at Pitt, staged one of the most intensive one-man recruiting drives in history by visiting Dorsett three times a week for six months.

The clincher, however, just might have had something to do with the fact that for Dorsett the worst part of having to talk to all those recruiters at school was that "I was always missing lunch." Knowing that, Sherrill brought his 70-year-old mother in from Biloxi, Miss. to hand deliver a freshly baked rhubarb pie to the Dorsett home. "That pie was gooood," says Tony in a rare show of exuberance. "I had to fight my mother for the last piece. I'd like to get some more of that pie."

Was the payoff worth the pitch? As of last week, after a pussycat 1-10 record last season that was the worst in the team's 83-year history, the Panthers were 4-2-1 and growling. There are several reasons for this surprising turnabout, but the most important is little ole T.D. himself. "We knew he was good," says Majors, "but we had no idea he'd do so well so soon." Hurdling, whirling and just plain whooshing out of Pitt's pro I and slot I formations, Dorsett has run for 100 or more yards in six of Pitt's first seven games to rank among the nation's top six rushers for most of the season. In the rain against Northwestern he not only reeled off a game-busting 79-yard scoring run but ended the afternoon with a total of 265 yards rushing, the highest mark ever for a college freshman.

Harry Jones, coach of Pitt's offensive backs, was more impressed with another T.D. performance. "We were on West Virginia's 12-yard line when Tony took the ball on a sprint draw and there was this linebacker standing square in the hole. Tony put a move on him and the guy was grabbing air. Then up comes the safety for a clean shot on the two-yard line, and Tony showed him a little hip and the guy fell down he was so faked out. I swear that Tony went into the end zone without anyone even grazing him."

Against Navy last Saturday, Dorsett played with a back brace and a battered knee but still managed to produce when it counted. The key series came in the final minutes after the Midshipmen, led by Cleveland Cooper on land and Al Glenny in the air, rallied from 16–0 to lead 17–16. Then Dorsett, hauling in a pass, cracking up the middle, slicing off guard and turning the corner, went on a

continued

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26-yard binge in four plays to set up the touchdown that gave Pitt a 22–17 victory. Afterward, Majors said, "Tony had the poise of a senior."

With 105 yards gained for the day, he also had a maturing total of 928 yards for the season, which is already a quadrangle or so longer than any Pitt back has traveled in the past 44 years. Still, Majors and his staff are reluctant to overpraise their prize pupil lest it somehow retard his already exceptional growth. It is hard to believe, in fact, that Dorsett is fresh out of Hopewell High until he blushingly reveals that his idol is that grand old USC graybeard, Anthony Davis, who at 21 is all of two years older than Tony the teen-ager.

Majors, who was an All-America at Tennessee and finished second to Paul Hornung in the 1956 Heisman Trophy sweepstakes, tries to talk to Tony tailback to tailback. "I remember when I first carried the ball at Tennessee," he says. "Right off I picked up seven yards. The next time I busted through for 14. So after the game I called home and I said, 'Daddy, they hit the same way in college as they do in high school.' That's what I keep telling Tony."

Trouble is, Tony does not always understand Majors' honeypot drawl because "it comes out kind of slurry." Like when the coach cautions everyone not to pop off about Tony or the young team's quick success. "I mean," he says, "I don't want the boys in Jack Daniel's country thinking Johnny has gone high on the stalk since coming east."

He says lots of sayings like that. So do the Southern members of his staff, especially when they are asked about one T.D. Dorsett. Does Tony, at 5'11" and 175 pounds, have the stamina to carry the ball 38 times, as he did in the Northwestern game? Instead of revealing that Dorsett was all-state in high school on both offense *and* defense, they say, "He's all knotty muscle. You couldn't pinch him with a tweezers." How quick is he? Rather than dwell on the fact that he has been clocked at an extraordinary 4.4 seconds in the 40-yard dash, they allow, "He moves faster than a small-town rumor." And will he someday be Heisman material? "Is a four-pound robin fat?"

Yet late of a night at the Black Angus cocktail lounge the Pitt coaches turn less evasive. "Listen," they say conspiratorially, "Tony Dorsett is the most complete young running back we've ever seen." Even Majors in a candid moment admits, "I'm slow to say it, but even without four martinis I'd tell you the same thing. He's the most exciting back I've ever seen. He has the most running ability I've ever seen. He's the best young running back I've ever seen—period!"

The kids up on "The Hill," a black section bordering on the drab steel-mill town of Aliquippa, already know that. There Dorsett is still known as "The Hawk" as much for his wide-eyed look as for the way he glides through the line. Last week, on the rocky playground where Tony and his three older running back brothers learned their moves, a ragtag team called the Mt. Vernon Destroyers broke off a free-for-all practice session to expound on the future of Pittsburgh football. "The Hawk is gonna be the best there ever was, man," said Dancing Dee Dee. "The Panthers is gonna be No. 1, too, man," said Big Bad Brent.

If and when that ever happens, it will be rhubarb pie all around.

THE WEEK

by LARRY KEITH

MIDWEST

1. OHIO STATE (6-0)
2. NOTRE DAME (6-0)
3. OKLAHOMA (5-0-1)

Missouri fumble-bummed its way out of the unbeatens in a 17–13 loss to Colorado. Three Tiger turnovers ended two drives, one inside the one and the other at the 24, and set up a Buffalo touchdown from the 13. Colorado covered 76 yards to score the winning touchdown late in the game following the last of the Missouri fumbles. The key plays were a 41-yard scramble by Quarterback Clyde Crutchmer and a four-yard scoring burst off tackle by Jim Kelleher. The TD run succeeded because of special blocking assignments designed to take advantage of Missouri's tendencies shown in previous goal line situations. "We put the play in Friday," said Coach Eddie Crowder. "We figured that nobody had beate t Missouri because they were so tough inside the 10. We dissected their defense inside the 10 and came up with that play."

Oklahoma State and Nebraska tied 17-all after the Cornhuskers passed up a short field goal and tried unsuccessfully for a touchdown [illegible] and goal inside the one with 2:23 left. Tony Davis was met on his fourth straight carry down close by Linebacker Jesse Hudson, who forced a fumble. In a similar situation just before halftime, Oklahoma State had faked the field goal and successfully gone for the touchdown. The Cowboys appeared to be ready for a kick when specialist Ahby Daigle entered the huddle. Nebraska Coach Tom Osborne responded with the appropriate defensive changes. As State broke for the line of scrimmage, however, Daigle, the 12th man in the huddle, broke for the sidelines. Leonard Thompson went in for the score.

Oklahoma, still unbeaten, ripped into Kansas State 56–14, and after the dust settled Wildcat Defensive End David Brown said a few more days of preparation might have been needed. Probably so. Kansas State gave up 590 yards on defense. Kansas pulled out a 22–20 victory over Iowa State when Del Williams ran 32 yards for a touchdown with 1:46 remaining.

The Big Ten remained much the same with Ohio State, Michigan and Illinois all storming to impressive wins to remain unbeaten in the league. The Buckeyes bombed Northwestern 60–0, the Wolverines blasted Minnesota 34–7 and the Illini crushed Iowa 50–0. Archie Griffin and Cornelius Greene had outstanding days for Ohio State. Griffin gained 105 yards in 17 carries (compared to Northwestern's 105 in 43 carries) and Greene netted 88 in nine tries. Each scored a pair of touchdowns.

Other Big Ten action saw Michigan State upset Purdue 10–7 and Wisconsin turn four turnovers into touchdowns in a 31–7 win over Indiana. The Spartans ended a scoring drought of *15 quarters* when Quarterback Charlie Baggett sprinted 69 yards in the second period for the winning points.

Mid-American leaders Miami of Ohio and Kent State remained unbeaten in the conference with respective wins of 16–0 over Toledo and 27–16 against Utah State. Bowling Green edged Marshall 24–21 and Ohio University upset Western Michigan 16–0.

SOUTHWEST

1. HOUSTON (6-1)
2. TEXAS (4-2)
3. TEXAS TECH (6-1)

Early in the week Saturday's Children looked to be Tuesday's Rebels as black football players at Rice threatened to organize a team boycott. The issue was Coach Al Conover's dismissal of End Edwin Collins. The walkout did not occur but, unfortunately, the game did. Texas romped 55–13 in its biggest display of muscle this year. "The most hu-

milliating thing I've ever been through," said Conover. Texas' Darrell Royal said, "Problems and confusion obviously hurt their preparation," but he quickly added good words for two of his players, Quarterback Marty Akins and Fullback Roosevelt Leaks. Akins completed two short touchdown passes to Parker Alford and Leaks gained 193 yards on 29 carries and scored twice.

Texas Tech had its third impressive win of the year, 31–14 over SMU, making its loss to Texas five weeks ago all the harder to live with. The Raiders also carry the scalps of previously unbeaten Oklahoma State and Arizona, but with the Longhorns apparently headed for a sixth straight Cotton Bowl bid the best Tech can hope for is a lesser postseason game. Quarterback Joe Barnes starred with 229 offensive yards and touchdowns running and passing. His career yardage now totals 3,029, a school record. Larry Isaac scored twice for the winners; Alvin Maxson tallied both Mustang touchdowns.

Arkansas and Texas A&M both went one game over .500 but the Aggies had the tougher time of it, edging Baylor 28–22. The Razorbacks whipped Tulsa 20–6 outside the conference.

EAST

1. PENN STATE (7-0)
2. PITT (4-2-1)
3. RUTGERS (5-1)

Fair Harvard, unbeaten and unchallenged after four games, took a quick 3-0 lead against Dartmouth but five plays later the Crimson was trailing and on its way to a 24–18 setback. The Greenies led 24–3 at halftime but had to stop three offensive thrusts inside their 15 in the second half when Harvard finally got untracked. Tom Snickenberger scored one Dartmouth TD and passed for another.

Pennsylvania took sole possession of the Ivy lead by blanking Princeton 24–0 even though two backs were sidelined. Defensive Back Glenn Casey was used on offense and scored all three touchdowns on short runs. It was Penn's first victory at Princeton in 14 years.

Yale Quarterback Tom Doyle broke open a close game with fourth-quarter touchdown runs of 18 and 13 yards as the Eli whipped Cornell 20–3. Columbia lost 28 2 outside the conference to Rutgers, whose J. J. Jennings rushed for 100 yards and scored his 15th touchdown of the season. The only thing that slowed the nation's scoring and rushing leader was a sprained ankle.

Two Eastern have-nots, Syracuse and Army, remained winless The Orange could not hold a 9–0 lead and fell 34–23 to Miami.

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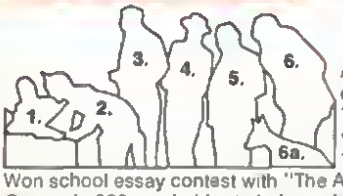
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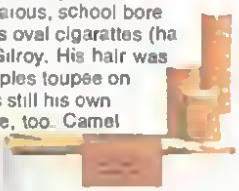
Can you spot the Camel Filters smoker?



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At class reunions almost everybody has a gimmick. Try picking tha one who doesn't go along **1.** Nope. He's Don Wand. Won school essay contest with "The Art of Pre-Marital Dancing." Gimmick: 200 mm holder to balance his 100 mm cigarette. **2.** No. It's Rah-Rah Mendalson, ax-cheerleader. Gimmick: Ha's wearing it. Smokes whatever he finds in his pouch. **3.** No. He's Moe Mentum, alias "Stone Hands" for dropping passes. Just dropped statua of school mascot. **4.** T. Darious, school bore. Gimmick: His voice, off-key contralto. Smokas oval cigarattes (ha sat on his soft-pack and liked it). **5.** Curley Gilroy. His hair was voted "Most Likely to Racade." Gimmick: Steples toupee on. Also steples his roll-your-owns. **6.** Right. He's still his own man. Likes his cigarette honest, no-nonsense, too. Camel Filters. Easy and good tasting. **6a.** Kicky VIII, mascot. Has ayes only for Mendelson. (see 2 above)



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Army came even closer against Holy Cross, but a fourth-quarter fumble at the Cadet 39 set up a short drive that erased a one-point advantage and gave the Crusaders a 17-10 victory. Boston College edged Villanova 11-7 as Mike Esposito gained 161 yards and scored the decisive touchdown. Tom Parr led Colgate to a 41-23 thrashing of Bucknell by rushing and passing for 260 yards and two touchdowns.

Penn State had no trouble with West Virginia, which lost its fourth straight, 62-14. John Cappelletti ran for four touchdowns and gained 130 yards in 24 carries. "Cappy is like having a second offensive line," said Lion Tackle Phil LaPorta. "We knock people down at the line and he knocks 'em down again." The State defense allowed only 166 yards, all in the air and 96 of them on one play.

Temple handed small college power Delaware its second consecutive loss 31-8 and ran its record to 6-1. Connecticut remained unbeaten in the Yankee Conference by beating top challenger Massachusetts 28-6. A 21-point second quarter in which Eric Torkelson scored twice broke the game open. Lafayette's Tony Giglio proved too much for Maine as the Leopards triumphed 23-13. Giglio scored two touchdowns and rushed for 123 yards.

SOUTH

1. ALABAMA (7-0)
2. LSU (7-0)
3. TENNESSEE (6-1)

Houston, ranked 12th in the nation, had not been blanked in seven years of triple option veering and was averaging a Cougarish 31 points and 448 yards per game before it met Auburn. Nevertheless, before a homecoming crowd of 58,426 the Tigers shut out Houston for the first time in 90 games and ended the Cougars' 10-game winning streak 7-0. The only score came on a seven-yard run midway in the first period by freshman Quarterback Chris Vacarella. Houston managed 310 yards on offense but never came closer to the Tiger goal line than the 12.

Tulane was without the services of its leading rusher, Tailback Doug Bynum, but even so the Green Wave managed to beat Georgia Tech 23-14, after which the team gave Bynum the game ball. "I had no idea how his absence would affect us mentally," said Coach Benme Ellender after the Green Wave's sixth straight win, "but I couldn't have been happier over our tailback play. We played as inspired a game as we have all season." Subbing for Bynum, Eddie Price and Ricky Hebert combined for 137 yards and two touchdowns.

Alabama, battling for the national championship, scored on 10 of its first 13 possessions to overwhelm Virginia Tech 77-6 in its biggest outburst in 22 years. The Tide's 743 rushing yards and 828 offensive yards broke NCAA records. Four Alabama backs gained more than 100 yards, topped by substitute James Taylor's 142 in five carries. "I'm embarrassed," said Coach Paul Bryant. "I certainly didn't want any score like that." Paul Dietzel hosted his old LSU team in Columbia, and South Carolina almost pulled a major upset before falling 33-29. "I have never seen greater effort in my life," Dietzel said. "I've never been prouder." LSU drove 63 yards in the final four minutes for the winning touchdown, which came on a two-yard roll-out by Quarterback Mike Miley. "This is the toughest 7-0 record I've ever seen," Coach Charlie McClendon said. "We have to struggle every time out." Tennessee also won outside the Southeastern Conference by slugging Texas Christian 39-7 as Quarterback Condredge Holloway passed for three touchdowns.

League games saw Mississippi top Vanderbilt 24-14 and Kentucky upset Georgia 12-7. The Bulldogs' loss heaped still more criticism on Coach Vince Dooley, whose 3-3-1 team is in danger of winding up with its first losing record in 10 years. "I think Georgia knows it was lucky to get out as easily as it did," said Kentucky Quarterback Mike Fanuzzi.

North Carolina State all but clinched the Atlantic Coast Conference title by jolting Clemson's hopes 29-6. Maryland, which has already lost to the Wolfpack, stayed in contention with a 20-point fourth quarter that toppled Duke 30-10. Wake Forest blew a 10-0 lead in a 21-10 loss to Virginia, and North Carolina upended Southern leader East Carolina 28-27. A six-yard scoring pass from Billy Paschall to Dick Oliver with less than a minute to play pulled the game out for the Tar Heels.

Nationally ranked Richmond suffered its first defeat after six wins, losing to Northeast Louisiana 14-8.

WEST

1. ARIZONA STATE (7-0)
2. USC (5-1-1)
3. UCLA (6-1)

The slaughter that followed the opening kickoff of Saturday's UCLA-California game was rather predictable. The Bruins have the Pacific Eight's most dangerous offense, the Bears the least effective defense. The final score was 61-21 and UCLA Quarterback Mark Harmon did much to make it so. Harmon gained 123 yards in 13 carries and completed a touchdown pass to Norm Andersen. Eight different Bruins scored, three of them crossing the goal within 3:12 of each other in the first quarter.

There were plenty of points tallied by the league's second worst offensive team as Mike Boryla's five touchdown passes led Stanford past Washington State 45-14. Oregon, meanwhile, was embarrassing Washington 58-0. The Huskies tried 29 passes in the game, completing four for 20 yards. Duck defenders picked off six.

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

THE BACK: Quarterback Mike Boryla passed Stanford to a 45-14 victory over Washington State with 16 completions in 23 attempts for 151 yards and a school-record five touchdowns. They covered five, eight, 22, seven and 15 yards.

THE LINEMAN: Ken Bernich, Auburn's 6'3" 238-pound junior linebacker, was the outstanding defender as Houston suffered its first loss of the year and first shutout since 1965. Bernich was in on 22 tackles—12 solos and 10 assists.

With Fullback Ben Malone scoring five touchdowns on runs of 18, 68, 17, 17 and two yards, Arizona State shelled Oregon State 44-14. The nation's No. 1 offensive team gained 605 yards, 250 of them by Malone in only 24 carries. "It was the best game I have ever seen played by an Arizona State fullback," said Coach Frank Kush, who has seen 162 of them. "And it was by far our best game this year." Woody Green did not fare so well, gaining 83 yards in 19 tries, and there was some dispute why. Kush said the defense was keying on him, although the Beavers' Dee Andros denied it.

While Arizona State was extending the nation's longest winning streak to 12 games, Arizona was taking over the Western Athletic Conference lead with a 42-21 win against Utah. The Wildcats gained 443 yards rushing and 110 passing and the Utes contributed nine turnovers. Other league games saw Wyoming blast Brigham Young 41-21 and Colorado State destroy Texas-El Paso 76-24. The UTEP defenders have allowed 392 points in their eight losses, with Arizona State and Arizona still to be met. New Mexico lost a nonleague game to San Jose State 15-0.

San Diego State, the PCAA leader, advanced its record to 5-1 by bombing winless Florida State 38-17. Air Force clobbered Davidson 41-19 to end a three-game losing streak as Quarterback Rich Haynie became the school's all-time total offense and passing leader. Haynie completed 10 of 13 for 150 yards and gained 80 yards on eight carries to give him 3,918 yards overall. **END**

Slamming the brakes on a supercar

It weighs a ton but the most powerful Porsche in history just keeps roaring right along to victory, futilely chased by the rest of the Can-Am racers. And now there's a move on to pull its turbocharged teeth

The nice thing about the last race in the Canadian-American Challenge Cup series last Sunday was the lack of tension and suspense. One could relax a bit and enjoy it as an art form: see the big super-Porsche come roaring past. See the other racers vainly trying to catch it. See Mark Donohue lead every lap, stroking along at 120 mph or so. Let's add this up. This makes it six races in a row, doesn't it, with the championship long since cinched? It does, indeed.

In fact, when it was all over at Riverside, Calif., the real news of the day came when Donohue announced his retirement. "You just can't go on forever," he noted with resignation, feeling all of his 36 years. And that development, however sad for the sport, stirred a certain amount of jubilation among his competitors.

Donohue will remain as the operational chief of the fearsome Roger Penske Racing Team, and this means that his genius as the tuner and developer of all breeds of race cars will continue to confound his opponents for years to come. Still, it was in a sense appropriate that the big Porsche, the machine he considers to be the technological pinnacle of his career, might be headed for the same inactivity as its last driver.

The car could well be the zenith of this motorized art. No faster road racing car has ever been created. It won the pole position in all eight Can-Am events this year and set the fastest lap in each. And therein lies the crux of a dispute that swirls around the Penske team. Quite simply, the big car is so fast and so expensive that many of its victims are clamoring for its banishment from the circuit. And while Donohue was announcing his retirement, the competition board of the Sports Car Club of America, organizing body for the Can-Am, was gathering for a crisis meeting to examine the question of whether or not to legislate the world's most beautiful automobile right out of the racing business.

Smack in the middle of this high-priced ruckus over Can-Am rules are Penske and a raffish young car owner named Bobby Rinzler, who is the latest entry from a seemingly bottomless reservoir of rich kids who breeze into motor racing with great plans to make it big on the basis of an open checkbook. They usually stay on the scene for a few seasons before the final trust fund is gobbled up and then they drift away, sadder but wiser, to more budget-conscious callings.

Rinzler has tried to operate his Atlanta-based racing team on a prudent, businesslike basis, but he and his partner, Charlie Kemp, a courtly, stone-bald Mississippian who doubles as one of the team drivers, made the tactical mistake of putting their money into the stupefyingly expensive Can-Am—and trying to race head to head against old Captain Whiz Bang himself, Roger Penske. Nobody, and especially upstart Southern rich kids, races head to head with Captain Whiz Bang.

Race fans will recall that the first big turbo Porsches appeared in the 1972 Can-Am series, all muscle and broad shoulders. Penske and his two drivers, Donohue and George Follmer, roared away and won six of the year's nine races. The handwriting might as well have been painted on the pit wall in big letters: the potential of these stubby, 12-cylinder German machines was so great that Team McLaren, the keen Anglo-American operation that had held the Can-Am championship for five consecutive years, announced that it would be economically unfeasible to develop a rival powerplant. And with a tip of the crash helmet, they forthwith dropped out of the campaign for 1973.

Not Rinzler and Kemp, who had been campaigning a Chevy-Lola that was now clearly outclassed. They still dreamed of winning the glamorous Can-Am, and since Porsche had all the power, they approached Penske. Would they buy a used car from this man? Absolutely.

Penske graciously offered to sell his brace of Porsches to Rinzler, secure in his sporting gesture since, back in Stuttgart, Supercar was already taking shape. Rinzler wrote Penske a check for $210,000 and took over the two 917-10 racers, plus four extra engines and assorted spare bits and pieces. Then Rinzler hired Follmer, who had operated as a substitute during a period when Donohue had been injured and who had, in fact, won the Can-Am title. Thus Rinzler had bought himself both the title-holding car and driver in delicious anticipation of the 1973 season.

What happened next makes grown racers cry. Along came Son of Porsche, a gigantic thing called the 917-30, all ahurst in Penske blue and gold, turbocharged to the teeth, weighing almost one ton and ready to produce 1,200 horsepower. The car is an artistic delight to the eye, a piece of rolling automotive sculpture.

Kemp won the season opener at Mosport and Follmer beat Donohue in the next event at Road Atlanta while Penske and crew were trying to make the monster behave. But then, settling down to the task, Donohue ripped off the rest in straight victories, devastating various lap records by as much as seven seconds and coasting home far ahead of a generally beaten and breathless Follmer.

Rinzler is not upset because his team has been so soundly thrashed in the Can-Am. He accepts the reality that Penske appeared with a superior car and driver combination and used them well. "It's the cost of competition with these turbocharged cars that's bothering me," he says. "It's reached a point where nobody can afford to compete except Roger. Two 917-30 Porsches exist in the entire world and do you know who's got 'em? Roger Penske, that's who. And there isn't a car anywhere that can beat them. Now Roger is saying that if

continued

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OUTCLASSING THE CAN-AM FIELD, PENSKE'S NEW PORSCHE ROLLS ON, AND ON AND ON

you want to beat him, all you've got to do is call up Stuttgart and Porsche will whip you up one just like his. Only one trouble: you better send along a certified check for 450,000 Deutschmarks, or about $220,000. Two hundred and twenty thousand for just the car, no spares, no instruction manual, no full tank of gas, no nothing—just the car. Then you better plan on a couple of spare engines for $74,000 each and then send about four mechanics to Germany for a few months—after you've paid for a Berlitz course—to learn how to run the whole freaking thing. If you want to do something like that, Roger is right, you can race him."

Rinzler, whose short, round body almost quivers with rage discussing the issue, claims his total racing expenditures for the 1973 Can-Am have exceeded $800,000. Some of this has been recovered through sponsorship aid and prize money, but his net loss will still reach six figures. He claims that his bank account will not stand another season of the same brand of racing.

"It's the turbochargers that make the cars so expensive," he says. "If you don't turbocharge, you're just plain out of it. The guys in the Can-Am who are running the big old Chevys like McLaren used might just as well be in another race. We've got to cut the cost of competition and the best way to do that is to pull off the turbos. We have recommended that turbocharging be banned for the 1974 season.

"Naturally Roger doesn't want to change. He's got the fastest car around and that thing won't run with the turbocharger pulled off. It has a special body that creates a tremendous aerodynamic downforce to keep it glued to the track. It needs that 1,200 horsepower just to push it along. With a regular engine it'd be stone slow and Penske knows it."

Penske refuses to rise to Rinzler's bait, but instead chooses to recite—with justifiable pride—how he and Donohue helped Porsche develop the 917 turbo cars from a point where they were cranky, slow and unreliable to an indisputable position as the fastest road-racing automobiles in history. "Team McLaren dominated this series for five years, but there was never any talk of banning them," he says. "And you could not buy a duplicate car like they were winning races with. You *can* buy a Porsche like ours. Of course it's expensive, but all racing cars are expensive.

"Rinzler has tried to cut us off at the pass," says Penske. "If he wants to beat us, he ought to at least try the same car. Racing is a tough business and I've got an obligation to deliver for my sponsors and to the Porsche factory. The SCCA announced twice this summer that the same Can-Am rules would be in effect for 1974. How can they possibly consider changing them now? After all, this is the Can-Am, which is supposed to be an unlimited class of racing. Our Porsche is an engineering masterpiece and it can't be banned overnight."

Penske is fighting hard to keep his supercars in the hunt, but the opposition is swirling around him on all sides. Since less than a dozen turbocharged 917s of all types are in competition in the U.S. or Europe, he can hardly expect a groundswell of support from other loyal owners. What is more important to Penske is that the rest of the Can-Am owners have Chevy-powered McLarens, Lolas, Shadows, etc. that have been rendered obsolete by the turbochargers. To a man they support a quick surgery job that would return all engines in the series to normal aspiration.

Roy Woods, a wealthy Californian whose McLaren M20 is generally the fastest of the non-turbo cars, says flatly, "We just won't compete in 1974 if the turbos remain. It would be unfeasible to do it without a Porsche, while to campaign such a car would in my estimation cost an extra $300,000. It just isn't worth it."

Tracy Bird, a weathered Arizona businessman who operates as the executive director of SCCA, is being pressed for a decision about the Can-Am and the turbo controversy. Realizing that he faces the prospect of staging a series next year with an exclusive scattering of budget-buster Porsches on his starting grids, Bird is ready to act, regardless of Penske's protests and the club's recent affirmations that the turbos would remain. "I've known Roger for years and I think I know when he's firing for effect," Bird says with a smile.

It is likely that a compromise will be struck on the turbos, cutting back on their power while leaving the stock-block competitors unlimited in size, thus achieving better balance. With costs blossoming in all phases of the sport, plus rising difficulties in attracting major sponsors due to growing environmental concerns, the efforts to reduce the cost of Can-Am racing appear to be but the beginning of a crucial campaign to cut the price and increase the relevancy of big-time motor sports. Automotive consciousness is undergoing rapid changes in the U.S., and the men who govern racing must make the proper adjustments. The elimination of 1,200-hp, $135,000 supercars—no matter how pretty—might mark a place to begin. **END**



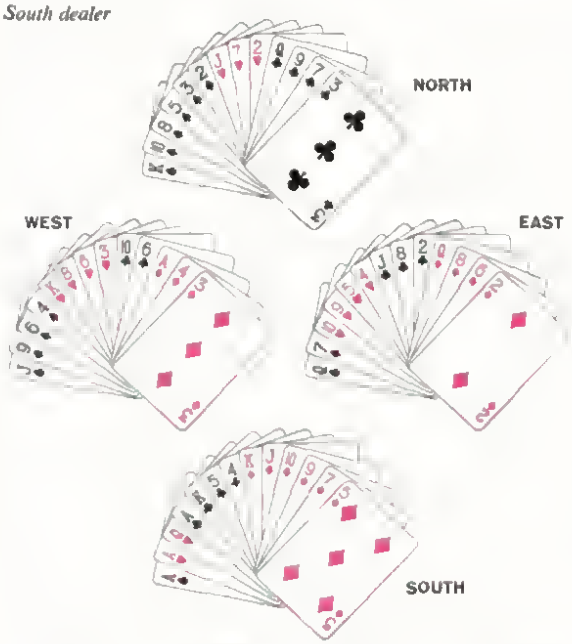
BRIDGE / *Charles Goren*

Imprecise bid for a Precision slam

Most of today's contract bridge pair tournaments are measured by the size of the field rather than by the quality of the participants. But not the London Sunday Times Pairs, held annually in January. Participation in this event is strictly by invitation, and the invitations are limited to the world's bridge leaders. In 1973 the London entry was grudgingly increased to 22 pairs, up by only six from 1957, the last year in which an American partnership—the late Helen Sobel Smith and I—won.

Perhaps the best-known names in the 1973 field, which included stars from Italy, France, Poland, Israel, Scotland, England and the U.S., were those of Giorgio Belladonna, Benito Garozzo and Omar Sharif. When the competition was over, however, the champions were once again Americans—Steve Altman and Alan Sontag, who won by 3½ victory points over two other members of the U.S. Precision Team, Peter Weichsel and T. McAdoo (Tom) Smith. Belladonna and Renato Mondolfo repeated their 1972 third-place finish. Scotland's Willie Coyle and Victor Silverstone were fourth.

East-West vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (*Sontag*)	WEST (*Wilkosz*)	NORTH (*Altman*)	EAST (*Lebioda*)
1 ♣	PASS	1 ♠	PASS
2 ♦	PASS	2 ♥	PASS
3 ♣	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
3 NT	PASS	4 ♣	PASS
6 ♣	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: 4 of spades

As it turned out, nine of the top 10 players—all but Mondolfo—were practitioners of some form of the Precision System; that is, with 16 points or more they opened the bidding with one club, and with fewer than eight high-card points they responded one diamond. Well, at least they were supposed to. But experts of this caliber seem to know when to make an exception to their basic methods. Consider this deal, in which Altman-Sontag faced Poland's Lukasz Lebioda and Andrejz Wilkosz, the 1972 winners.

Altman's one-spade response to the artificial club opening showed at least a five-card suit and eight or more high-card points. Given the same hand, rigid Precision players would have responded one diamond, denying eight high-card points, but Altman was relying upon control-showing bids to apply the brakes later.

Sontag's two-diamond rebid was natural and Altman's two-heart response both denied diamond support and announced that his earlier positive response was of the weakest variety. Thereafter, the bidding was normal. Sontag's club rebid showed a real suit; Altman revealed his six-card spade length, then stated his club support and his distaste for a no-trump contract. Sontag's jump to the club slam turned out, thanks to his careful play, to be entirely accurate—and rewarding.

After winning the first trick with the ace of spades, Sontag led the king of diamonds. If this had lost, he was prepared to take a later ruffing finesse against the diamond queen, virtually ensuring the contract if West held either missing diamond honor. But West covered with the ace on the first diamond lead. Sontag ruffed, cashed dummy's queen of clubs and led a club to his king. If the club suit had not split, Sontag would have had to take a finesse against the diamond queen, but when both opponents followed to the second club lead, he led a low diamond and ruffed in dummy. Sontag next discarded his queen of hearts on dummy's king of spades, returned to his hand with the ace of hearts, drew the last opposing trump with his ace of clubs and conceded a trick by leading the jack of diamonds to East's queen. Declarer still had a trump with which to get back in and cash his established diamonds for the slam and a score worth 10 international match points. **END**

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Encounter at the Summit

One after another the three bull elk, big as horses, crashed the morning stillness and crossed the ridge on the Bitterroot Mountains. Death caught up with the last

by Robert F. Jones



A hunting trip can be a series of flashes, the least important of which is the one that grows from the barrel of a gun.

We are blasting down U.S. 93 from Missoula to Hamilton in Mel's broad-shouldered Ford van. November in Montana. The Bitterroot Mountains rise around us, tall and impersonal, so unlike the humanized mountains of the East or even the West Coast. These are hard mountains, black-faced with fir and pine, that don't give a damn who dies on them. Lewis and Clark's men had to tighten their belts here in the fall of 1805, the roots they gnawed to supplement their jerky supplies were bitter. These are not the sort of mountains you want to stare at for any length of time. They are too complex in their geology and history, too big in every dimension to soothe the soul.

It's snug in the van, though. Mel has the heater turned up high, and over the radio Loretta Lynn is singing *Don't Come Home a-Drinkin'*. Her voice has that special timbre, somewhere between a sneer and a snivel, common to roadhouse cocktail waitresses and lady country singers. Mel opens a fresh tin of Copenhagen. I tuck a hefty pinch in my lower lip and the juices start to flow. It's a nicotine hit unlike any other—a small, warm, friendly explosion in the chilly caverns of the skull.

"Nope," says Mel, "they ain't come down off the peaks yet. They're still on top, lyin' up by day in the lodgepole tangles and feedin' at night. Plenty of sign, though, up in the Skalkaho Country." He rolls down the window and squirts a shot of snuff juice into the slipstream; the left side of his van bears a ragged, tan racing stripe. "Me and Harold, we was up there just yesterday. Deer sign lower down, but all the elk sign was way up near the top. We'll have to climb for 'em, I fear." He closes the window and the cold, clean mountain air disappears in a blast of heat and song and Bull Durham smoke.

continued


Thomas B. Allen

Melvin McNeal, strawberry rancher. A strange, almost sissified occupation for a mountain man, but then the times have changed drastically since the firm of Bridger, Beckwourth & Broken Hand, Unltd. closed shop. Put Mel on a mountainside, though, and his true nature shines like a beaver pelt. The swift, shuffling gait that never varies, uphill or down. The quick, sneaky, game-seeking eyes common to muggers and born hunters. Bent-shouldered, big-knuckled, as spare of words as he is of flesh, Mel McNeal would not have been out of place 150 years ago, riding down into the Great Basin on the back of a raddled mule with a Hawken over his pommel and Jedediah Strong Smith leading the way. His scruffy, rust-colored beard underscores the image. "I won't shave again until I've got a bull elk in the meat shed," he says.

Already two deer are hanging there, glazed almost black in the dim, sweet, frigid air of the shed behind his house. The smell of hanging game has always seemed exciting to me—a ranker, wilder smell than that of the beeves and swine we used to whiff in the butcher shops before the supermarkets took over and hid all meat from the senses, under plastic. I suppose that in the smell of slow putrefaction there resides some arcane folk memory, the promise of full bellies for the tribe. Mel's two deer, young and tender but pathetically small without their heads, hides and guts, dangle from the roof beam by their ankles. I lay a hand on one of them: smooth, hard, cold. Like the Bitterroots, where he killed them earlier in the season.

Mel's yard is a bit of a zoo. Peacocks and guinea fowl scamper around, kicking the gravel and nattering at one another in the incessant warfare of the bird world. Domestic mallards waddle up, blatting for a handout. These are the Godzillas of duckdom: twice the size of the few wild mallards that have dropped in, uninvited, to spend the winter with Mel's pen-raised flock. "Aw, I like having birds around," he explains. "Not just for the eggs and the meat, either. It's more the idea—peacocks in Montana! They're a tough bird, though. They hold their own pretty good against the foxes and the hawks and the coyotes. And the neighbor dogs are flat *skeered* of 'em!"

Out beyond the yard is a pond full of icy water and Kamloops rainbow trout. Mel calls them "cannaloops," confusing their real name, which comes from the distant Pacific Northwest, with "cantaloupes," and in a way they *are* like melons to him: starved for trout, all he need do is pick up a rod, hike through the yard,



The elk is down. In his dying flight, out of control, he crashed through a dead tree and somehow twisted his way through two others

flip a spinner into the pond and come home with a couple of three-pounders. For his serious fishing he heads for the mountains.

Deer stew and home-baked bread for dinner. Mel's wife Jan is a shy, plump woman who blushes readily at compliments about her cooking ("Nothin' much," she says). Like so many mountain women she takes her skills for granted, makes little of them, unaware of their natural beauty and her own. Instead, she affects an air of weariness and worthlessness, tempered with flashes of desperate independence which she has probably learned from the huge face of the color television set that dominates the McNeals' small living room. The only book in the house is a Bible. Now and then she flares angrily at her two sons, Sean and Max, themselves shy boys still under the tutelage of women, but her rages are perfunctory, ritualistic and immediately followed by a lot of loving. The boys will be O.K. once they are allowed to think of themselves as men.

In the bedroom hang Mel's trophies. A royal elk of seven points, a wide-racked whitetail deer, a solemn mountain goat, a pronghorn antelope, a pair of black bear hides and the heavy, glowering, bug-eyed head of an elderly bull bison that Mel tracked down and killed in Yellowstone country years ago. The presence of the dead animals in the bedroom is at once awesome and ridiculous. It would be like making love in a wing of the Museum of Natural History. I am put in mind of a remark my daughter made when she was three years old and saw her first mounted deer head. She stared at it for a long time, then said firmly, "The rest of him lives in the wall."

That night we take a run up the mountain in Mel's jeep, heading for a salt lick that the elk sometimes visit on their way down from the peaks to their wintering grounds in the high valleys. The idea is not to kill, but to see if they are moving, and if so, just who is doing the moving—cows and yearling calves, or the big bulls we are seeking. Though the autumn has been a strange one, fraught with warm weather and unrelieved by snow, the bulls should be finished with the rut by now. If so, they will be banding together again in their bachelor gangs and replacing the meat and muscle they lost over the past month during their titanic mating battles and their long-winded, randy chases after the cows. If the bulls are moving down the mountain it will make our hunt that much easier. The closer to the valley, the handier the roads, the shorter the distance we will have to drag our kill. A bull elk can weigh 600 pounds, gutted. If we kill one at the top of the mountain, we will have to cache it somewhere and then return for Mel's donkey, Jenny, to pack the meat and the trophy out. "We can do 'er," Mel says, "but it ain't no fun."

At the foot of the mountain we rendezvous with Mel's hunting partner, Harold Nelson. He, too, is slumped and bearded in the image of the mountain men but, in contrast to Mel's dour demeanor, Harold is a mountain wit. The eyes behind his granny glasses squint and sparkle. We can almost hear him creak as he climbs into the jeep—he suffers from emphysema and a spinal fusion, he announces, the result of too many smokes and a fall from a cliff some years back. He was once shot by another hunter, over in Idaho where he was born, and now refuses to wear red or Day-Glo orange clothing in the field for fear that he will make an easy target. He has a low opinion of most hunters, including Mel.

"Your average hunter," he says, "is like a dog chasin' a car. Even if he catches it, he don't know how to drive."

Winding up the mountain in the dark, Mel asks Harold how his love life is.

"Waal," says Harold, lighting up a cigarette to feed his emphysema, "it used to be wine, women and song. Now it's Metrecal, the old gal and *Sing Along with Mitch*."

They call him Count Nelson down in the valley, one of those negative nicknames, like a fat boy known as Skinny. Yet he is an authentic American original, tough and human, a man whose only lies are told at the expense of the world's cruelty and for the amusement of his friends. He damns all citybound ecologists as "flower sniffers," and cuts Christmas trees for a winter's living, yet in the days I walked the mountains with him I discovered that he knew the names of all the birds, beasts, trees, mosses, rocks, lichens, clouds and peaks much better than the field guides I had brought with me. He kills meat to feed his family. "You know," he said one afternoon as we rested on the sunnyside slope of a frozen peak, "there really ought to be only one man hunting this country. That way it wouldn't get drained of meat so quick, and all the flowers wouldn't get trompled down. I hate to see it goin'. But I'll tell you who that man oughta be. Harold Nelson."

"How old do you reckon Harold is?" Mel asks.

"Oh," after a long pause, "about 193."

"He's 39."

At the salt lick, nothing but deer sign. The elk are still up high. Winding back down the mountain we pick up the brassy flash of eyes in the headlights. "Coyote," says Mel. "Kill the bastard!" says Harold. Mel stops the jeep. He opens the driver-side door and steps out with his .243 Browning lever-action rifle, takes a rest on the door and shoots. The eyes wink out and we see a long, yellow shape skipping away through the night. Mel shoots again. "Nailed him!" Harold walks up the road and comes back holding the coyote by the brush. It is a bitch, a young one. The first bullet shattered her right front leg, which dangles by a shredded tendon. The second bullet took her through the chest. Her tongue lolls and her eyes are not yet glazed. Harold

continued



Harold lopped off the dead coyote's tail.



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cuts off her tail with a clasp knife and slings the carcass back into the woods—"for the magpies."

Fortuitous killing offends me. A man should know what he intends to kill, should seek out the particular object of his murderous instincts, seek it out as an individual, know its habits and its track, how they differ from others of its kind, and understand the meaning of his own heart as the gun fires. Otherwise killing is gluttony. God knows I have killed animals indiscriminately in my life, but their deaths haunt me. Those acts were far more grievous sins than any lies, cruelties or infidelities I have perpetrated on my human victims. A lie, a putdown or an infidelity is a calculated act; roadhunting is simply gratuitous. I seethe silently for a while, then bluntly ask Mel and Harold why they gunned down the coyote. After all, a coyote eats mainly mice and carrion; Mel and Harold themselves are not sheepherders; the coyote is misunderstood in that regard; studies prove they don't kill that many domestic animals, and even if they did. . . .

"That's how we *do* around here," says Harold.

"Shoot," says Mel, injured, "it's just a coyote. . . ."

I flash, and it's as brief, as bright as the muzzle blast from Mel's rifle . . . the people I've hurt too often. Then Mel passes the snuff tin around. We load our lips and head for the barn, talking normally again.

The next day we leave before dawn to hunt Deer Mountain, a peak to the southeast of Hamilton. The sun, when it finally arrives, reveals a terrifying aspect. The roads that climb these mountains are little better than the tracks of a snail climbing a beanstalk. Slick, thin, the merest translucence on a steep surface, they wind around and around, aimlessly following the line of least gravitational resistance. To look down from the passenger side of the jeep is to court instant vertigo. Mel drives loosely, turning his head to talk. Thank God he is no chatterbox!

The best approach is to study the distant mountains. Trapper Peak and Sleeping Child, Lost Horse and The Lonesome Bachelor; my Forest Service map dispels acrophobia as effectively as a tranquilizer might paranoia. I sink back into the gray dust of geography and history, adrift and happy in a world of long-dead trappers and distant, sleeping children. Harold peels an orange from his lunch pail and the sharp romanticism of citrus fills the jeep. Then he curses the fibers that stick between his teeth. At the top, Mel parks the jeep and we dismount, stiff and groggy, to check our rifles.

"Colder'n a mother-in-law's heart," says Harold, his orange-scented breath pluming in the early light. We're up in the snow, more than 7,000 feet at this point, and the air bites the jaws like a dentist's drill. Still, it's not much snow—three inches at the most—and the only sign we have crossed on the road has been that of deer.

"We'll poke around for a while up yere," says Mel, "and if we don't jump any elk we may find deer. Take 'em if you see 'em—in this district you're allowed two on your license, either sex. Kill any grouse that you see. They're good lunch meat for tomorrow. We don't hunt 'em up here like you do back East. These are fool hens, won't flush worth diddly. They either stand and squawk at you or else jump up into the trees and higger they're safe. Shoot their heads off. If you see an elk or a deer, shoot for the heart—well, you know that anyway. I don't hold with these gut-shootin' fellers or these dudes that take whey they call 'haunch shots' on a running meat critter. Waste a lot of time that way, tracking them out." He spits his quid of snuff. "Meet back here by noon."

It was the longest speech he ever made.

In terms of big game the day is a washout. But in terms of coming to an understanding with this vast, cold-hearted country it could not be more successful. Mel and Harold shoulder their "crowbars"—a rifle is a workman's tool in these parts—and amble downhill into the snowy pines. Their footfalls and voices fade even before they are out of sight. Lesson No. 1: sound travels vertically in this vertical country. A man with a broken leg could shout his head off, empty his rifle with distress shots and not be heard by his partner a few hundred yards away. I head uphill with my own partner, a lean Californian named Roger Ferry who is also my brother-in-law. Roger is tall, soft-spoken, bespectacled, a consummate woodsman who grew up

continued

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as a deer hunter in the flat, tamarack and muskeg country of northern Wisconsin. Like so many of us from that land of waning opportunity—"America's Dreary-land," some embittered ex-Badgers call it—he went West. Though he majored in French literature at Marquette University and had ambitions to write when he was younger, he now runs a small home-improvements business in Sacramento. Being his own boss, he has plenty of time for the pursuit of his true vocation: hunting and fishing.

We pause at the crest of Deer Mountain, Roger to glass the country for game, I to catch my breath. My knees have turned to water with the climb and, despite the cold, most of it is squirting out through my sweat glands. In this thin air, not yet acclimated to the altitude, I stand about as much chance of catching my breath as I would of catching Frank Shorter in the marathon. Roger, by contrast, is fresh as a sprig of alpine rue. He quit smoking years ago for just this reason.

"Nothing moving but an eagle," he says, putting down the glasses. "Away over there, across the valley. You know, if you hammered Montana flat and crimped it down a bit around the edges, you'd have a perfect lid for the whole Pacific Ocean."

We split up and swing across the shoulder of the mountain, hoping that one of us will push a deer, or maybe even an elk, out of its bed and into range of the other. The wind up here groans like a god with a bellyache. The ponderosa pines and Douglas firs—some of them mature giants, uncut during the big logging boom of the 1890s because of their remote locations—sway and clatter and yowl under the push of the north wind, but at ground level the air is still. Except for a few ravens that croak their ragged way overhead, bitching at the wind that keeps pushing them off course, and an occasional camp robber, the mountain seems empty of life. I see some old deer sign and the tracks of a coyote that came through the previous afternoon when the snow was still wet with the afternoon's relative warmth, the doglike prints look as big as a wolf's, but are blurred and splashy around the edges.

Then I catch a flicker of movement in the lodgepoles below me. Sitting, I glass the thicket with my scope. The gray

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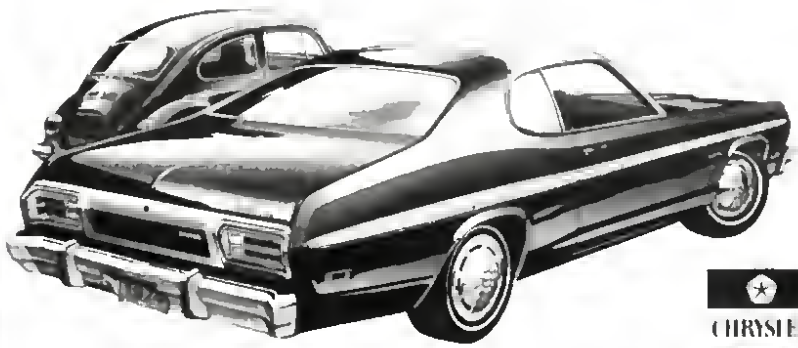
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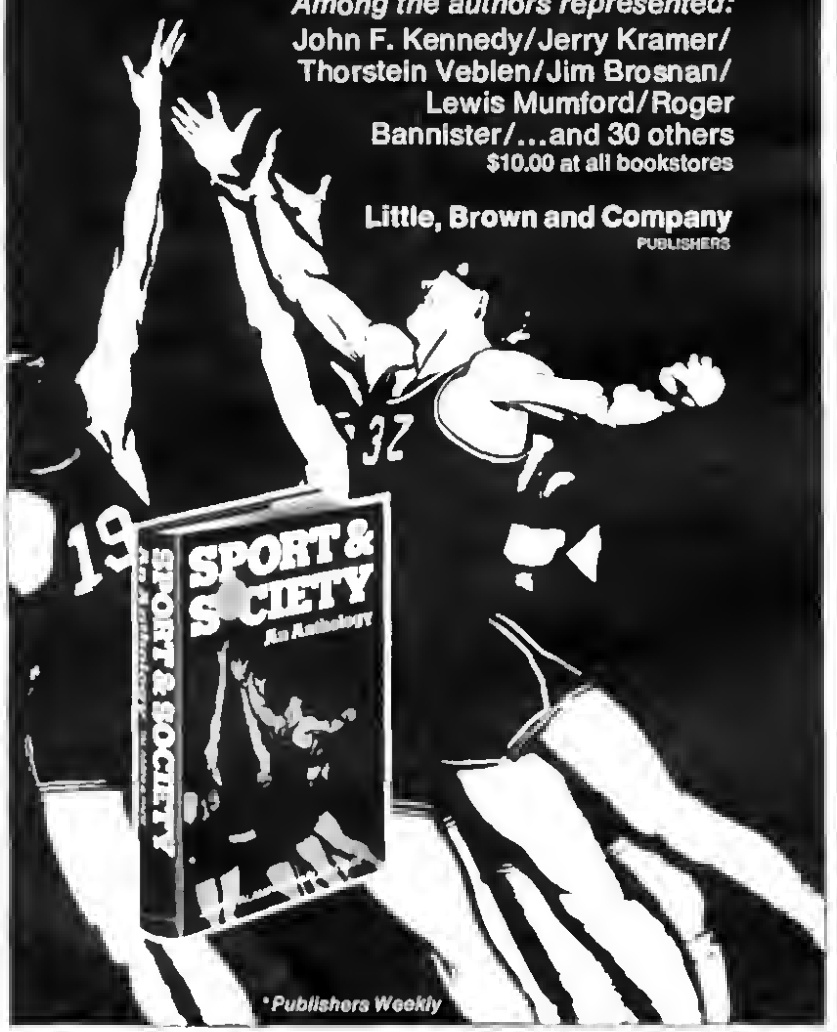
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twitch resolves itself into an ear. Then a wet brown eye leaps out of the neutrality of the background. Then I see the animal whole: a mule deer doe. It always amazes me when they snap into focus that way, and I wonder how many I have passed, and how close, that I never did see.

Mel said to take 'em—either sex. My mind does its quick rationalization number. I sure could use the meat. I bring the crosshairs down the crease behind her shoulder, a nervous optical caress. She is at least 300 yards away. The scope is jumping rhythmically, just the faintest of up-and-down movements, but enough to ruin my shot if I take it. I expel my breath, but the jumping continues. My heartbeat. I start the squeeze anyway, and just as the trigger reaches the breaking point I see out of the corner of the scope another muley behind her—a buck, only a crotch-horn, a two-pointer, but a buck—and in that instant the rifle goes bang. The snow jumps. The two deer disappear.

A clean miss. My hands are shaking.

There is no blood in the snow where she stood, and I see where the bullet dug a trench in the dirt beneath it. It's a deep hole, like the kind we used to shoot marbles at in the schoolyard. Marbles and murder. I'm glad I missed her.

Back at the jeep, Mel and Harold are building a fire. They drag up a few snow-sodden pine logs, drench them with gasoline from the spare jerrican and flip a match into the heap. Kapow! Instant bonfire. I wonder what Bridger would think of the technique, as opposed to flint and steel. He'd probably approve. Those men were nothing if not pragmatic. Later, Roger tails in with two blue grouse dangling from his belt. He surprised them in a brake down the mountain, and when they flew up into a nearby ponderosa he headed them, one, two, just like that. Just like Mel said.

That night, skunked, we hit the saloons of Hamilton to recharge our depleted spirits. Most of the patrons are ranchers and drovers. They shake their heads solemnly at Mel's account of our failure, offering suggestions for the morrow. "Use to be a lot of big old bulls down there on Hog Trough Creek, on the backside of Black Bear Point." "Too durn early for that country." "How about Water

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Sign Meadows, or farther on down by the One Tooth Cabin?" Too durn far. White Stallion, Two Bear, Sawdust Gulch, Railroad Creek—all have their drawbacks. We sulk over our beers, listening to Merle Haggard on the juke. "I'm a Lonesome Fugitive . . ."

The light in the bar is warm and minimal, the colors from the jukebox paint rainbows on the walls. I get a kick out of the signs on the walls of backcountry saloons—a form of Americana that has largely disappeared from the cities.

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Harold cocks his white cowboy hat back on his brow and shrugs his sheepskin jacket higher on his shoulders—he'd duded up, clotheswise, here in town. He even smells pretty good, having gone home for a shower. His glasses catch the glint of light from the jukebox and he stares at us like the sunset of a rainy day, after the clouds have passed.

"All right, you 'tater-ass sissies," he says to us, "tomorrow we'll hit the Skalkaho Country. She's a mean 'un, so cold up there you could milk a cow in chunks. But that's where the noble wapiti is right now, and that's where we'll get 'em."

The morning, still hours before dawn, is not black but rather a dirty gray. The vaulting sky suffers from ring around the collar. It snowed during the night, and walking out into the cold we feel a sudden surge of hope. The new snow has to help us. Mel's ducks and guineas and peacocks seem to sense our good spirits: they cluster around, even though it's long before their usual wake-up hour, yammering for breakfast. So what—our own breakfasts are still warm and heavy in our bellies—scrambled eggs, beans, venison steaks cooked up by a sleepy Jan in her housecoat, in that rich, warm kitchen. "Good luck," she says, then scurries back to bed, to nod off under the glowering glass eyes of the big gone bison. We climb into the jeep and head for the Skalkaho Country.

The climb is not nearly so fearsome this morning, despite the fresh snow that slicks the tracks. Mel has the same faith in the surefootedness of his jeep as the oldtimers had in their ponies, and it is faith more than anything that makes for good driving. Roger even dozes off during some of the steeper stretches, with the jeep swooping down horse trails like a World War II Stuka with its dive-brakes extended. Harold chatters on and on about his eldest son, a 17-year-old

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who has broken his back three times in car crashes. In the most recent one he hit a tree at 90 miles an hour. "He's a hell-raiser like his old man," Harold self-congratulates. "Like they say, only the good die young." Another son, 15 years old, is a nationally ranked high school wrestler. Harold is proud of him, too.

We top out on the mountain with the dawn. Mel eases the jeep in four-wheel drive and low-low, and with the brakes virtually locked, down what he claims is a trail but which looks more like a cliff. We cross a creek, red in the light of the sunrise. Then we follow a logging trail beside it. Deer and elk tracks spot the fresh snow: we may be pushing them ahead of us. At the end of the logging trail Mel parks the jeep. To our left the mountain rises higher still, straight up it seems, its slope (if such it was) studded with ponderosas.

"At the top she levels off," says Mel. "It's fairly open along the ridge line, but there's thick lodgepole tangles on either side the shoulder. The elk are lyin' up in them jungles there. You and Roger climb on up there and then split up and work down along the ridge line toward the east. Me and Harold'll go back down to the end of the ridge and come up slow, in case you push anything ahead of you."

"And if you don't know which way's east," adds Harold, "I can loan you my North Dakotan compass." He pulls out a woman's powder compact and opens the mirrored lid. "It don't show you where to go, but it shore shows you who's lost!" Haw, Haw.

The climb is a killer, but thanks to the new snow there is inspiration at every halt. Elk sign galore. Vast stretches of raw dirt mixed in with pine needles where the bulls have been tussling. Mounds of fresh droppings, some of them still warm at the core. Saplings rubbed raw earlier in the autumn when the bulls were polishing their antlers for the rutting battles, the red bark of the skinny trees dangling like a teen-ager's braids. At the top we halt. The sun is just coming visible over the rolling rock ahead of us. The big red ball again.

"I'll drop down here to the right," Roger whispers, "just over the crest of the ridge. You stay just on this side of the crest. Let's move along real slow and easy, like you'd still-hunt the swamps up near Eagle River in Wisconsin. Stay

continued

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Encounter

continued

about a couple hundred yards apart. I'll whistle every now and then to let you know where I am, and you whistle back."

I push out along the ridge, pausing five counts for every five steps I've taken. The old angst rises along the back of my neck—air prickles, my skin as sensitive to sound as a fever victim's to the touch of a breeze. All the senses peak in moments like this, all the tastes come flooding back to distill themselves on the tongue, blood and breakfast. My eyes seem to widen and deepen in my head, huge light-suckers, vacuums that draw in every color, every shadow, every movement. The tension on the nerves and muscles—latent death—rises with every step and redoubles with every pause. If a man were to live his whole life with the taut senses of a hunter at the end of a stalk, he would die at the age of three. . . .

The first crashing sound hits me like a truck coming around a blind corner. I wonder for an instant if Roger has fallen off a cliff. Then the bull elk tops the rise, galloping like a horse, and swings his huge head to look at me. I stare into his big brown eye and he keeps right on going, watching me watch him go, the wide rack steady over his hammerlike head, his neck low—and I don't even get the rifle to my shoulder before he's gone. Damn, I'm thinking, they don't run like deer at all.

And then the second bull appears, half a second behind the first one. He's smaller by a bit, and he pauses in his gallop to look at me, slowing to a trot. I snap off a shot and kick dirt under his belly. Off he goes, and I start to curse myself—what kind of a hunter am I, stupid, no-good. . . .

And then the *third* bull appears. The third bull! Someone loves me! Unconsciously I have moved up the ridge toward the spot where the animals are crossing, and now as this bull slows to stare at me I have dropped to one knee and the rifle is steady and the crosshairs touch the spot behind his shoulder and as he moves I swing with him and the rifle goes bang. I see the guard hairs fly over his heart. He leaps ahead, down the mountain, out of sight, and I can hear his jumps—one, two, three, four, five, six, then a pause—and then a heavy thud that seems to shake the earth. . . .

Over the knoll ahead of me, snow hazes down from a pair of quivering

continued

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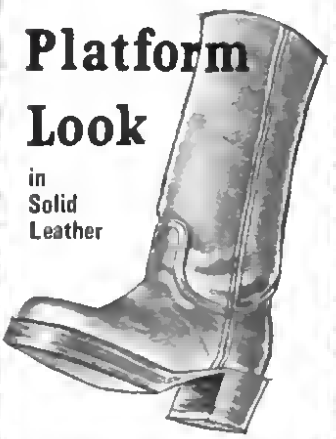


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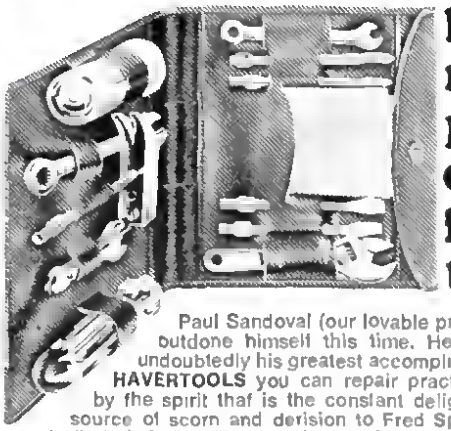
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☐ OK, Paul, old amigo—send me HAVERTOOLS—pronto! My $2 check is enclosed.

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SI1105

Encounter

spruce trees I move up quickly and quietly and look downhill. The elk is down. In his dying flight, out of control, he crashed through a dead tree and somehow twisted his way through two others—the ones that produced the snow shower. He lies on his left side, his legs flexing. He is big as a horse, umber-colored, touched with cream and dark brown, dying. As I stand there watching him die, the big feeling washes over me again: bigger than guilt and pride, though akin to them, bigger even than love and loss, though their brothers, and I flash on down through time to the men who crawled deep into the earth to paint their prey by torchlight on the wet, cold walls, and then crawled out again to kill meat, their god.

Roger comes over the rise and looks at the dead elk.

"Hey!" he says. "You got one!"

The rest of a day like that goes slow, gutting the game, dragging it down through a mile of stumps and gullies and fallen timber. A creature that size takes its own small revenge for its murder, in the form of barked shins and skinned knuckles, and you start to wonder if the oldtimers weren't right in their meat-hungry philosophy: eat it as it lays. But all of that is the malaise of anticlimax. At the bottom of the mountain I stopped and lay on my belly in the snow and drank from the stream—the water clean and brassy cold. I walked back up to where the bull lay. Steam rose from his open body cavity, sweet in the cold. Mel looked at him, deadpan behind his rusty beard. Harold stroked his own scruffy chin.

"Couldn't have picked a nicer bull if you tried," he said. "He ain't the biggest, but the rack is perfectly even. You don't find that too often in a young bull. And the meat will be good eatin', which you don't find in the Boone and Crockett class. You'll have the head mounted, of course?"

Of course. And now, with the head on my wall and the meat in my freezer, the Montana elk hunt is complete. My neighbors may think of me as the meanest son of a bitch in the valley, but I still have my flashes intact: Mel, Harold, Jan, Roger, and a country even meaner than I. A country that, if hammered flat, could cover the whole Pacific Ocean. I hope it never happens. **END**

This year, be there.

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3. **Important.** You must also write the number of the championship event you are entering on the outside of the envelope in the lower left hand corner. Failure to indicate the championship event number on the outside of the envelope will void the entry for the Grand Prize only.

4. Enter as often as you wish, but mail each entry separately to: *Kent Championship Sweepstakes*, P.O. Box 158, Circle Pines, Minn. 55014. To be eligible, entries must be received by the judging organization on or before January 4, 1974.

5. One grand prize winner will be drawn out of the entries in each of the eight separate championship events. If there are no entrants in a championship event, a winner for that event will be selected in a random drawing from all entries not yet awarded a grand prize. The balance of prizes will be determined by random drawing from all other entries received. Sportis International, Inc., is the independent *judging organization* whose decisions are final.

6. Sweepstakes only open to residents of the U.S.A. over 21 years of age. Lorillard employees and their families, its affiliated companies, its advertising agencies and Sportis International, Inc. are not eligible. Void in Idaho, Georgia and Missouri and wherever else prohibited or restricted by law.

7. [illegible] state and Federal taxes. Lorillard is not responsible for [illegible] the winners.

8. If you don't list your favorite dealer to win also, list his name under yours. If you are one of the eight Grand Prize winners, he will receive an RCA color TV set.

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Oct. 22-28

PRO BASKETBALL ABA Behind Dan Issels 31 points Kentucky beat Denver 90-87 and dropped the Rockets into a tie for last place in with Indiana in the West But the week's heroics belonged to Carolina The Cougars stayed just percentage points behind East leader Kentucky by winning four games under unusual circumstances There were no long home stands in pro basketball and the players can't wish about their road trips Particularly Carolina's where even a home means travel The Cougars began their week at San Antonio shooting 68.4% from the floor in a 124-92 rout Next night after Texas Chiefs then plane two hours they arrived in Salt Lake City in time to shoot 58.7% and beat Utah 115-104 It was their fifth straight road victory but no respite They took a six hour flight via Chicago and a two hour time difference landed back in Greensboro won straight to the Coliseum and shot pitched Denver 109-104 in overtime Exhausted another "home" in Charlotte but then fourth game in four nights in four cities with 5,000 miles logged then bus broke down The players hopped two private cars arrived 45 minutes before tipoff and beat San Antonio 117-95 for their fifth straight win Billy Cunningham (78 points) proved the best means traveler San Diego Coach Will Chamberlain is wearing out pitching and he and the league received good news when it was announced that the dispute with the NBA's Los Angeles Lakers over whether he can play or not will go to arbitration

NBA Atlanta and Los Angeles took over the Central and Pacific leads with 3-1 weeks while Boston 11-1 and Milwaukee 9-1 created a headache in the Atlantic and Midwest The most violent action was away from the rink where Chicago's Stan Van Gundy and Houston's Calvin Murphy engaged in a fist mixing going match Van Gundy was ejected and Murphy stayed in to score 32 points That was not the only headache for Chicago Coach Dick Motta whose team still managed to win 121-113 for its fifth straight "I feel badly" he said, "because with the second-best record in the NBA we are unfortunate enough to play in the same division with Milwaukee"

BOXING CHARTCHAI CHIONOI of Thailand retained his World Boxing Association flyweight title with a unanimous 15 round decision over Susumu Hanagata of Japan in Bangkok

RODOLFO GONZALES of Long Beach Calif stopped Italian Antonio Puddu in a 10th round TKO to hold onto his World Boxing Council lightweight title in Los Angeles

CHESS BORIS SPASSKY won the Soviet championship in Moscow with 11½ points out of a possible 17 He was then challenged by Bobby Fischer, who beat him for the world title last year

PRO FOOTBALL Field goals continued to whiz through the air (*page 24*) but an honest to goodness touchdown settled the score between the two remaining unbeaten teams True it was the only TD of the game but Fran Tarkenton's nimble art pace to Chuck Foreman was the play that gave MINNESOTA a 10-9 win over LOS ANGELES Other contenders fell to upsets DALLAS 30-16 to PHILADELPHIA and WASHINGTON 19-3 to NEW ORLEANS Roman Gabriel hit Harold Carmichael on two scoring passes and went over himself from the one in the Eagles' 27 point first half Bill McClard who just joined the Saints at midweek but four field goals to undo the Redskins MIAMI held the Patriots to 94 yards rushing and averted another upset as second-half runs by Mercury Morris and Larry Csonka iced a 30-14 win over NEW ENGLAND CLEVELAND settled for a 16-16 tie with SAN DIEGO when Charger Rae Wersching kicked a 16-yarder in the last 30 seconds

Aline Taylor inched for 160 yards in DETROIT's 34-0 ravaging of GREEN BAY Charley Johnson threw two touchdown passes to put DENVER ahead and the Broncos stayed off the NEW YORK Jets 40-28 after a Monday night game in which three tied OAKLAND 23-23 on Jim Turner's last minute field goal The Raiders rebounded to whip BALTIMORE 34-21 on Snake Stabler's 25 completions two for touchdowns Jim Hart threw four touchdowns three to Mel Gray in ST LOUIS 35-27 triumph over NEW YORK ending the uncanny hold the Giants have had over the Cardinals Led by Ike Hill's 95-yard kickoff return CHICAGO scored three touchdowns in 95 seconds and buried winless HOUSTON 35-14 Ilhe Leclerc ATLANTA in a 17-3 win over SAN FRANCISCO, the team's third straight victory since he became starting quarterback He hit Ken Burrows for 114 yards and two scores PITTSBURGH Quarterback Terry Bradshaw suffered a broken right collarbone, but reserve Terry Hanratty and the defense stayed cool and the Steelers got by CINCINNATI 20-13

GOLF Tour sophomore JOHN MAHAFFEY shot a 13-under-par 271 for his first win in the $135,000 Sahara International in Las Vegas

GYMNASTICS LUDMILA TURISCHEVA of the USSR swept all five gold medals—for the overall vault asymmetric bars, beam and floor exercises—in the women's European championships in Wembley England Her teammate Olga Korbut had to withdraw because of an ankle injury

HARNESS RACING ARMBRO NESBIT ($4.20), driven by Joe O'Brien won the $181,200 I K Shapiro Stakes in a race record of 1:57[illegible] for the mile at Colonial's Hollywood Park

HOCKEY WHA The season was already four long for Vancouver Coach John McKenzie dropped down to play emergency on playing right wing and his replacement Phil Watson promptly sent Ron Ward the league's No 2 scorer last year in Los Angeles for Goalie George Gardner The Blazers then lost three more New York won two of four but continually troubled Gene Peacock demanded to be traded Traded to Houston sold to anything else that will get me away from this team" he said Higher in the standings things were more serene Tom Webster's hat trick gave New England a 3-1 win over Los Angeles a 5-0 week and a three point lead in the Eastern Division Six different Edmonton players scored as the Oilers beat Vancouver 7-3 and led the West

NHL Montreal was doing just fine, thank you without departed Goalie Ken Dryden Wayne Thomas had 153 saves as the Canadiens beat New York and Pittsburgh 3-2 each Philadelphia 4-0 and Minnesota 4-2 to the Boston bar the Eastern Division lead Philadelphia clung to that in the West by winning one of two but the Flyers won't be happy team "I don't know what's wrong" said Coach Fred Shero after the Montreal loss Added Bobby Clarke the league's Most Valuable Player "I get scared when somebody wins a champ somebody else would come along and pick him up Nobody's doing that for us now" No one knows better than Clarke who failed to score until the eighth game of the season Then he tallied twice as the Flyers shut out Pittsburgh 6-0

HORSE RACING SECRETARIAT ($5.40) ended his career by winning the $142,700 Canadian International Championship at Woodbine in Toronto while stablemate RIVA RIDGE burned out by finishing last in the $110,000 Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct (*page 78*)

RIDING The United States team of RODNEY JENKINS, MAC CONE, MICHAEL MATZ and FRANK CHAPOT defeated Great Britain in a jump-off for the first Prix des Nations Cup held in the U S at the Washington (D C) International Horse Show

MILEPOSTS NAMED As American League president New York Yankee General Manager Lee MacPhail, 55, replacing Joe Cronin, 67, who moves to chairman of the board of the league Jan 1

RELEASED By the Detroit Tigers slugger FRANK HOWARD, 37, who hit 382 home runs with the Dodgers Rangers and Tigers but whose $75,000-a-year salary as a DH seemed excessive

SOLD RHEINGOLD, winner of the Arc de Triomphe, by retired Royal Air Force officer Tim Vigors for $5.5 million The 4-year-old colt cost only $7,875 as a yearling but won $750,000 in nine starts

TRADED Slugger WILLIE McCOVEY, 35, who has hit 413 career home runs and Outfielder BILLY WILLIAMS, by the San Francisco Giants to San Diego for Pitcher MIKE CALDWELL Chicago Cubs Pitcher FERGUSON JENKINS, 29, who slumped to 14-16 after six straight 20-win seasons to the Texas Rangers for Infielder-Outfielders VIC HARRIS and BILL MADLOCK Boston Outfielder REGGIE SMITH and Pitcher KEN TATUM to St Louis for Pitcher RICK WISE and Outfielder BERNIE CARBO and California Pitcher CLYDE WRIGHT to Milwaukee for Catcher ELLIE RODRIGUEZ in a 10 player deal

DIED ABEBE BIKILA, 41, the only man to win two Olympic marathons of a possible stroke, in Addis Ababa Ethiopia Bikila astounded the sports world by running barefoot and winning a gold medal in Rome (1960) He won another gold in Tokyo (1964) before dropping out of the 1968 Olympics with a foot injury An automobile accident in 1969 left him paralyzed from the waist down

CREDITS

24 A Sa[illegible] 25 S[illegible] A[illegible] C[illegible]wa k 26 – S[illegible] & [illegible] 27 C[illegible] Heinz Kluetmeier 28, 29 Ne[illegible]ler 30, 31 Ho[illegible]ughton 42, 43 Ro[illegible] D C Ba[illegible] 49 [illegible] 50, 51 –[illegible] Co[illegible]ghton 52 Tom Hol[illegible] 69 As[illegible] Information Sc[illegible]ce Division Dan[illegible] Publi[illegible] Relati[illegible] 70 [illegible] S[illegible] 83 Eric S[illegible] 105 B[illegible] Co[illegible]

FACES IN THE CROWD



CURTIS DAVIS, a flanker on the Louisiana (Mo.) High football team, averaged 12.7 yards per carry, caught 15 passes for 291 yards in his first six games this year Against Macon, Davis ran for 143 yards and scored three touchdowns in the Bulldogs' 56-13 win



CINDY KIRBY, 19, of Ashland, Ore., rode six straight winners on the closing program of the 15-day Lone Oak horse racing meeting in Salem An apprentice, she won the fifth through 10th races and finished with 25 winners in 73 mounts to earn the leading jockey title



WARREN DOYLE, 23, a doctoral candidate from Shelton, Conn., hiked the 2,030 miles of the Appalachian Trail in 66½ days He averaged 30.6 miles per day on the mountain foot path from Georgia to Maine and most days spent a little more than 15 hours walking



ARTHUR THOMPSON, 103, of Victoria, British Columbia, who shot a round of 97 when he was 98 years old, plays golf three days a week at the Uplands Golf Club, never uses a cart and still takes lessons because, he says, "At my age I keep forgetting what to do"



CARRIE ENGLERT, 15, of Tallahassee, Fla., won the AAU girls' (ages 15 to 18) gymnastics championship in the Junior Olympics at Ann Arbor, Mich A member of the Tallahassee Tumbling Tots since she was seven, Carrie placed first in seven meets this season



TERRY MUCK, 26, of Evanston, Ill., added the national YMCA handball championship to his U S Handball Association title Muck won the YMCA finals against Steve August 8-21, 21-17, 21-16 Earlier, he beat Paul Haber in the USHA tournament 21-20, 21-19

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ICE BREAKERS

Sirs

Congratulations to Mark Mulvoy on his analysis of the new season (*Hockey 1973-74*, Oct. 22). I was very happy to see that we agree on the best team. The report on the Montreal Canadiens should set the Boston and New York hopefuls back where they belong. Even with the loss of three superstars, the Habs are still No. 1. Thanks for straightening things out.

JACK MORRISON

Lynn, Mass.

Sirs

Buffalo and Detroit in a battle for fifth place? Toronto and Detroit maybe, but not Buffalo. The Sabres are going to be No. 1 this year, and their only battle will be fighting off the fans after they win the Stanley Cup. Toronto is improved, but not enough. The Maple Leafs will have to go a lot farther than Sweden to find a goalie as good as overweight Roger Crozier or a line as good as the French Connection. You're going to eat your words about the Sabres, believe me.

D. TITKO

Buffalo

Sirs

Shame on Mark Mulvoy! His article on Bobby Clarke was most interesting and his predictions may be right, but let's give credit where credit is due. In analyzing the Buffalo Sabres, Mulvoy makes no mention of Don Luce, who is one of the hardest workers on the team and centers one of the most effective checking lines in the NHL. Luce, Craig Ramsey and Larry Mickey (now injured). They certainly were part of the reason Buffalo had the third-fewest goals-against last year.

R. R. BEDNAREK

Depew, N.Y.

Sirs

Thanks for the fine articles on Bobby Clarke and the Flyers. Finally the Western Division teams are challenging the East for the treasured Stanley Cup. The Broad Street Bullies are off to a superb start toward establishing themselves as a top contender for the cup. The goals are pouring in and the defense has been almost impenetrable.

STEPHEN D. HALLOWELL

Jenkintown, Pa.

Sirs

Let's have some stories (or at least one) on the amazing Atlanta Flames. They have beaten Boston *and* Montreal. This year or next they will take it all.

ROSE NELSEN

Hamilton, Ontario

RANK BREAKERS

Sirs

John Underwood's article *And the Meek Shall Inherit*... (Oct. 22) was terrific. I am glad that someone finally has pointed out the power of Missouri, although its upsets of SMU and Nebraska, along with its 6-0 record, speak for themselves. Al Onofrio has done a good job of building Missouri into a powerhouse, in the Big Eight and in the country.

MARK MILLER

Woodridge, Ill.

Sirs:

It came as a welcome surprise to read in SI of the magnificent job Pete Elliott has done in bringing Miami swiftly to the top. While in junior high school I was fortunate enough to be associated with Mr. Elliott, playing on the local football team with one of his sons. I heartily agree that he has "a touch of class."

PETER B. FOX

Menlo Park, Calif.

Sirs

In reference to the remarks about Miami fullback Woody Thompson in John Underwood's excellent article, my son played against Woody in high school in Erie, Pa. Woody weighed 215 pounds at the time, and Pat 185. Pat successfully blocked Woody, who was then playing tackle, three out of four times, but Woody creamed Pat on the fourth. In response to an inquiry from his coach, Pat was unknowingly prophetic when he said, "Against him, Coach, three out of four isn't bad. Play the films of the first three very slowly."

BERNARD QUIN

Willingboro, N.J.

Sirs

Miami came up with a fortunate victory over Texas, but the Hurricanes ran into trouble when they faced a tough Houston team. The Cougars beat them decisively 30-7. Watch for Houston on Jan. 1.

JAMES BRAUN

Houston

THE SECOND TEN

Sirs

Week after week you print articles about college football teams and yet you continue to overlook the best team in the nation. Ohio State is rated No. 1. Ohio State also has Archie Griffin, the most consistent runner on any winning high-ranked team. He presently is listed among the top five in the nation in rushing.

TIM KEARNS

Columbus, Ohio

Sirs

It was refreshing to read the quote from Mark Duncan in "They Said It": "Ohio State is ... so good this year they could even finish third or fourth in the Big Eight" (SCORECARD, Oct. 22). Ohio State and Michigan play a one-game schedule each other, and the winner travels to the Rose Bowl to be beaten by the Pacific Eight champion. Over the past 10 years the very best Big Ten team would have been hard pressed to crack the top three in the Big Eight or the top two in the Pacific Eight.

It is difficult for anything but an exceptional Big Eight team to win a national championship because of the rigors of Big Eight schedules, whereas teams from the Big Ten (and Notre Dame) play nonentities most of the year, although the rest of the country doesn't find out until the bowl games that they are second-rate. Last year's Notre Dame team speaks for itself. It was ranked high in the polls all year, yet played essentially a three-game schedule, a so-so Missouri team beat it, Southern California trounced it and Nebraska embarrassed it 40-6. If it were not for the Big Ten-Notre Dame myth (perhaps a fond reminiscence from their youth for most pollsters), the rankings of these schools in the national polls would reflect their weak schedules, and like Arizona State, which wins every week playing nobodies, Ohio State and Michigan would properly be ranked in the second 10.

DON CREEL

Tempe, Ariz.

SPORTSMANSHIP

Sirs

Come on, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, drop your phony veneer about "sportsmanship." I have been reading your magazine for two years now, and inconsistencies keep cropping up. In SCORECARD you tell us about the terrible behavior of Met fans, the shocking morals of certain baseball pitchers, the greed of team owners, etc., etc. Tsk, tsk. And yet, scattered throughout your articles we see evidence of a disease we all seem susceptible to, i.e., the belief that superstars can do no wrong. Written lightly and with a touch of humor, your Oct. 22 article on Bobby Clarke (*The Flyer from Flin Flon*) tells of his rescuing Team Canada from Russia by deliberately taking out the Soviets' best player. "It's not something I was really proud of, but I honestly can't say I was ashamed to do it," says good ol' Bobby. He also did a great job of lip service about overpaid athletes. Unfortunately it sounded as though he was saying, "O.K., now that I've got my million, you other guys stop being so greedy."

Sport is all business now, and the superstars of the major sports are no more classy

continued

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than the stars of the Soap Box Derby. Sportsmanship is an endangered commodity, and what is left of it seems to apply only to some people and not to others.

SUSAN BLANKE

Grant Park, Ill.

Sirs:

The criticism of the Met fans and management in your Oct. 22 SCORECARD ("Metsomania Is Such Fun") smacks of the same lack of responsibility that you charge was shown by the "vulgar and brutal" fans of New York. In your efforts to present a stimulating column you have ignored some of the more compelling facts of the case. The behavior of the Met fans toward Pete Rose was a reaction to what they had seen on the baseball field. It seems to me quite a perversion of justice that Bowie Kuhn, a man who did not hesitate earlier in the season to entangle himself in the private affairs of two other New York ballplayers, would remain silent this time about the behavior of professionals on the field. Perhaps one might argue that the scene on the field was merely the natural emotional reaction of athletes under pressure. Recall, however, that these men are professionals and are, in a sense, responsible to the fans, who expect them to behave in a reasonable way. Then again, with professionals like Sparky Anderson, M. Donald Grant and Bowie Kuhn running the show, I guess the people of New York are getting what they deserve.

ALAN ABRAMSON

Middletown, Conn.

Sirs:

After reading "Metsomania Is Such Fun" I hope that the conduct of Met fans on Oct. 17 will receive the same amount of coverage. That night Rusty Staub was 4 for 4 with five RBIs, and Jon Matlack allowed no earned runs. Yet the biggest hand of the evening went to Oakland's Mike Andrews. He received not only one, but two standing ovations.

I am not condoning the actions that some Met fans directed at Pete Rose. I agree that it was disgusting and uncalled-for and deserved condemnation. Yet those who threw garbage and shouted obscenities were in the minority. Those who cheered for Mike Andrews were not. Please let the rest of the nation know that Met fans have another side.

SHARON MACHLIS

Franklin Square, N.Y.

CHOO CHOO

Sirs:

I have just finished reading the story on Charlie Justice by Ron Fimrite (*A Long Locomotive for Choo Choo*, Oct. 15), and I must compliment you for printing such an inspiring article about one of the nation's truly remarkable men. If only the daily newspapers could print something like this occasionally, young people might be able to see both sides for a change, and probably they would be impressed in a positive manner.

GEORGE ROBERT FARRIS

West Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

My cheers are still ringing for Ron Fimrite. What a marvelous writer! What a sensitive, exciting, nostalgic, romantic tale of a folk hero of my time.

DENNIS WILLIAMS

Tulsa

Sirs:

Your article on Charlie (Choo Choo) Justice was beautiful. I only wish I had been born in time to see him run for Carolina.

DUDLEY MOORE

Jamestown, N.C.

continued

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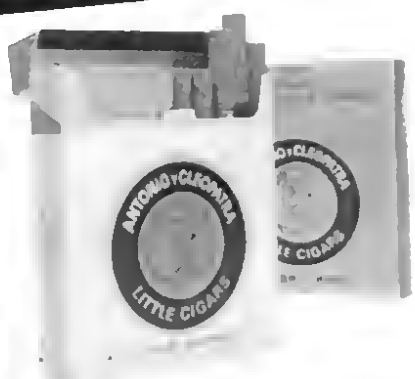
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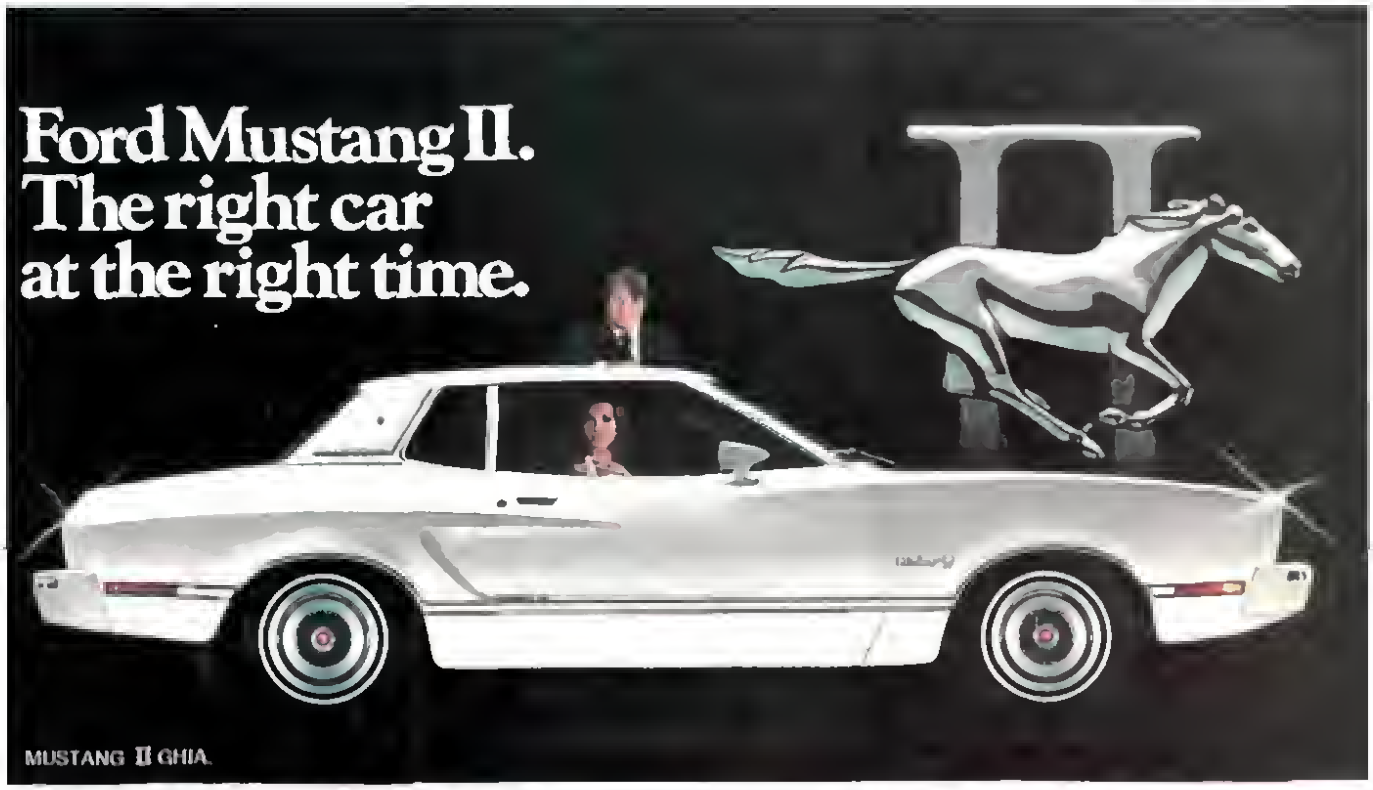




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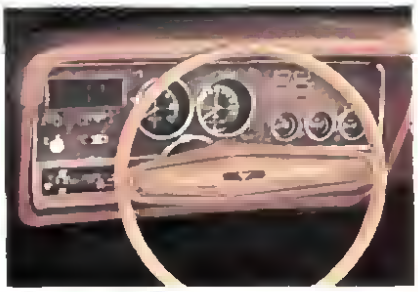
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Come out today! your timing couldn't be better.

Sirs:

The article on Choo Choo Justice certainly took me back. I was a teammate of Charlie's on the undefeated service championship team at Bainbridge Naval Training Station and, believe me, he was something special! I do not want to detract from his prowess in the least, but I have to mention that we had some outstanding talent besides Charlie Harry (Hippity) Hopp (Lions), Dante Magnani (Bears), Red Hickey (Rams), Buster Ramsey and Harvey (Stud) Johnson (both from William & Mary); Ziggy Czarobski and Lou Rymkus (both from Notre Dame), Bill DeCorrevont (Northwestern); Joe Lokane (Cards); Joe Thomas (now of the Colts but then an end from Ohio Northern), Don Durdan (Oregon State—and one of the best backs I've ever seen), Lloyd (Upan') Cheatham (Auburn), and many others. Joe Maniaci (Bears) was the coach and, as I recall, we ran a lot of fullback plays until Sid Luckman gave us the rest of the Bears' T formation one weekend in Baltimore.

The team was undefeated and was scored upon only once by the Naval Academy, which at the time (1943) was ranked No. 2 in the nation behind Army. Incidently, Choo Choo scored three touchdowns, and afterward in the locker room Captain Billick Welchel, the Navy coach, came in and, on locating Choo Choo, made him an offer to attend the Academy. Charlie refused as "he didn't think they were so hot."

It was a memorable day. I have often wondered what has happened to all those great guys and can only hope that life has been kind to them.

TOM (KNOBBY) NOBLE

Chicago

Sirs:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I read Ron Fimrite's warm article on Charlie Justice. Justice, Doak Walker, Charley Trippi, Dick Kazmaier of Princeton and Hank Lauricella of Tennessee were the last of a unique breed, the versatile single-wing tailback. What these guys couldn't do with a football!

With every professional football team today operating out of virtually the same offensive formation and with the sophisticated defenses honed to near perfection, it is not surprising that there are complaints about boring, low-scoring games and constant suggestions for rule changes to liven things up. Pro football doesn't need any rule changes. All it really needs is to use more variety in the offense and to bring back some of those great old formations like the single wing and the double wing. The only trouble is there are no Justices, Walkers, Trippis, Kazmaiers or Lauricellas around to make them go. And it's a pity.

VISCO GROJICH

Redwood City, Calif.

UNEVEN TIE BREAKER?

Sirs:

While I have not read the NCAA's new tie-breaking rule for small-college tournaments (SCORECARD, Oct. 15), it seems not only ridiculous but extremely inequitable for the team that loses the coin toss to get the ball on the *other* 15-yard line.

I propose 1) that the referees be given the task of choosing which end of the field to utilize, taking into consideration the field and wind conditions and 2) that the ball *remain* at that end of the field for at least an equal number of attempts from the same 15-yard line. This would save time in marching up and down the field and allow teams to operate under the same conditions, thereby avoiding any protests on this score. It also would save wear and tear on players already dogged after a full game.

However, lest the fans at the unused end feel slighted, this proposal could be modified to allow each team two attempts at the first end chosen, a brief five-minute intermission, then two more attempts at the other end.

JACK VITALE
Attorney-at-Law

Monroe, Mich.

PROGRESSIVE ARITHMETIC

Sirs:

One can sympathize with reader Tom Shelton's resentment (Oct. 15), although his arithmetic is open to question. He claims that by paying rising taxes to support land development (*At the Rate We're Going, Goodbi Fish*, Sept. 24) and simultaneously subsidizing farmers to refrain from producing, he is "being billed twice for the same goods."

It should be apparent, and even more disturbing, that what we are paying twice for is *no* goods at all. Our return would seem in fact to be purely negative—decrements in both environmental quality and the amount of available foodstuffs. Alternatively, Shelton may reflect on the resultant trend of his recent grocery bills and conclude that he is being billed *three* times for the goods he does get.

D. B. ECKERT

Honolulu

REMEMBERING WILLIE

Sirs:

The retirement of Willie Mays and the recollection in SCORECARD (Oct. 1) of Willie's first home run for the New York Giants 22 years ago against Warren Spahn brought other memories. There was a game 12 years later when the San Francisco Giants faced the Milwaukee Braves in Candlestick Park on the night of July 2, 1963. Some 22 or 23 players participated, but the unfolding drama involved only three: Spahn, Juan Marichal and Mays. In this game all of the other ballplayers were merely window dressing,

continued

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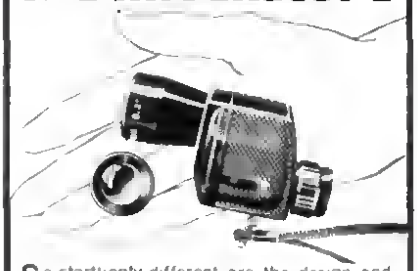
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part of the blurred, windswept background.

Everyone has heard about the penetrating winds and biting cold that used to prevail in Candlestick Park on San Francisco Bay. Well, that evening's weather has to rank with the most penetrating and biting in which baseball ever was played. It was too cold for football. It was too cold for hockey or even sled racing, for that matter. We were forewarned, and brought every hotel blanket we could get our hands on. Life-saving firewater was freely imbibed.

The game itself produced one of the greatest pitching duels in history—the veteran southpaw Spahn against the younger but already established Marichal. It was a scoreless performance for 15½ innings. There were thrills aplenty along the way, of course, including some patented running breadbasket catches and line throws to the infield by Mays. The fielding of wind-buffeted flyballs and the competition with blown paper were spectacles in themselves.

The Braves went out in order in the top of the 16th inning. Spahn retired the first batter in the bottom half, bringing up Mays. On the second pitch Willie sent the ball on a line to left center. It cleared the fence by a considerable margin. Spahn walked slowly off the mound, head down, shoulders hunched, once more Mays' victim as Willie circled the bases for the only run of the game.

ALEX H. WINSBERG

Los Angeles

EN GARDE!

Sirs:

The best defenseman in the history of pro football was discovered purely by accident. It happened during the reign of a 6'8", 405-pound offensive guard called (for unknown reasons) Yellow Fingers. Coaches tried to beat him with every defensive stunt in the book, using such greats as Alex Karras, Dick Butkus and Bubba Smith, but to no avail. Well, as the story continues, it was the 10th game of the season and the Minnesota Vikings were the week's underdogs. The conservative Viking coach, Bud Grant, decided against risking his regular defensive tackle and replaced him with the fast, then unknown, average-sized Alan Page. Surprisingly enough, on the first play of the game Page walked right through Yellow Fingers and made the tackle. This continued throughout most of the game, which ended in a Viking victory. After the game, while talking to some reporters, Grant commented, "The way to beat this team is to let your Page do the walking through Yellow Fingers."

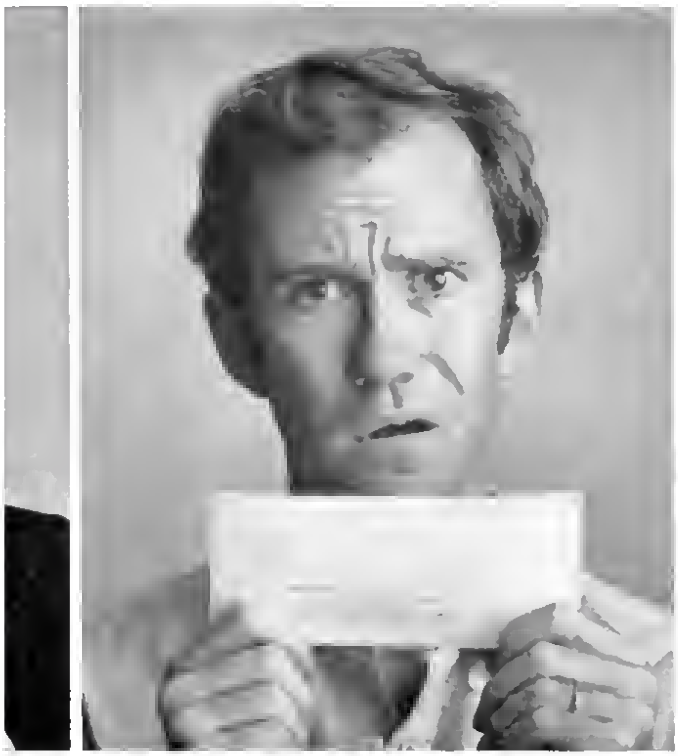
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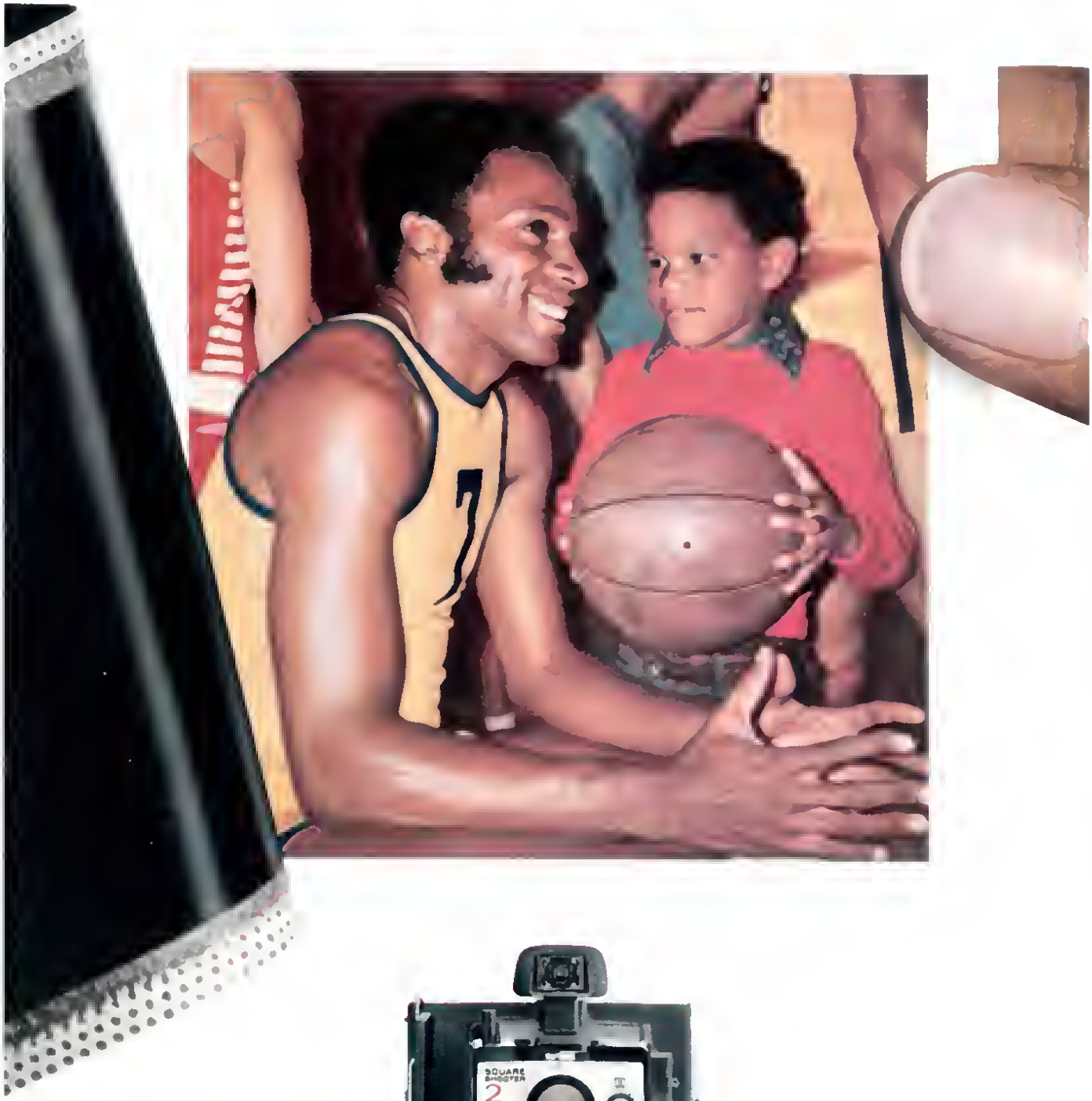
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